

THE CRITIC,

A JOURNAL FOR READERS, AUTHORS, AND PUBLISHERS.

No. 149.

[SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1847.]

VOL. VI.

THE CRITIC may also be had in Monthly Parts, in a stout Wrapper, price 9d. or 11d.

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MESSRS. LEIGH SOTHEBY and CO. (Auctioneers of Literary Property and Works illustrative of the Fine Arts) will SELL by AUCTION, at their House, 3, Wellington-street, Strand, on MONDAY, NOVEMBER 22, and three following days, at One precisely, the valuable LIBRARY of the late LOUIS NAPOLEON, ex-King of Holland; comprising, Description de l'Egypte, published by order of Napoleon, an original copy, with all the plates, in 23 vols.—Visconti, Museo Pio Clementino, 8 vols.—La Sainte Bible, par de Sacy, 12 vols. large paper, green morocco—Auctores Classici Latini, curâ Lemaire, fine set, in 141 vols.—Classici Italiani Stampati dalla Società di Milano, beautiful copy, in 250 vols.—Buffon, Daubenton et Lacépède, Histoire Naturelle, 39 vols.—Encyclopédie Méthodique, 261 vols.—Voltaire, Œuvres Complètes, 70 vols.; with the best Works of the Italian and French Authors.—Catalogues will be ready in a few days.

CORPORATION of the SONS of the CLERGY.—The GENERAL ANNUAL COURT of the Governors of the Charity for the Relief of Poor Widows and Children of Clergymen will be held at the Corporation House, 2, Bloomsbury-place, on Thursday, the 11th day of November, 1847, at One o'clock precisely, for the Election of Governors and Members of the Court of Assistants for the ensuing year.
OLIVER HARGREAVE, Registrar.

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A Vacancy having occurred in the office of Surgeon to this Charity, notice is hereby given, that a SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING of the GOVERNORS will be held at the Dispensary-house, on FRIDAY, the 26th instant, at Ten o'clock in the forenoon precisely, to Elect a Successor. Should there be a contest, the Ballot will commence at Ten o'clock, and close at Noon precisely.

The Committee will meet on Friday, the 12th instant, for the purpose of admitting candidates, who must be members of the Royal College of Surgeons, and not practising Pharmacy.

Gentlemen wishing to become candidates are requested to send in their applications to the Secretary on or before the 1st instant, and to attend with their testimonials at the Dispensary-house on Friday, the 12th instant, at Ten o'clock in the morning precisely.

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Nor. 4, 1847.

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NOTICE.

THE great increase in the business of THE CRITIC has rendered it necessary that it should have an establishment exclusively devoted to it.

We are therefore pleased to announce that offices have been taken at No. 344, Strand (almost opposite Wellington-street), at which the business of THE CRITIC will be conducted for the future, and where orders and advertisements, and books, music, and works of art for review, are requested to be addressed.

They will also be the temporary offices of the DECORATIVE ART UNION, where the names of subscribers will be received, and information given.

"In the best weekly reviews the public do not expect elaborate criticism—the object of the reviewer is novelty, arrangement, amusement—he wishes to give faithful accounts (which he generally does by extracts) of new publications; and doubtless this, after all, is the proper and exact duty of weekly reviews. Elaborate criticism is seldom light reading; and though the public might once a quarter, certainly would not once a week permit themselves to be seriously instructed. Yet altogether the reviews in the best weekly publications are considerably fairer and truer than those in the quarters; and in nine times out of ten produce a greater influence on the sale of the book."—*BULWER.*

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY.

The Characteristics of the Present Age. By JOHANN GOTTLIEB FICHTE. Translated from the German by WILLIAM SMITH. London, 1847. John Chapman.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

To give completeness to our article on FICHTE, we present this week, in a few words, our own views of the present age.

An age is as incapable as an individual of adequate self-knowledge. Of its normal qualities of those characteristics in which it is not notably unlike previous ages, it has a dim consciousness. But of that in which it transcends other ages, or of that in which it falls greatly below them, it does not even dream. Of its supposed merits and supposed defects the talk is loud and abundant enough. A GOETHE, with genius, but perhaps not without quackery, sends forth his mystical *Faust*, and this is accepted as the complete picture of the age, and of the conflict of its antagonist tendencies. A fervid FICHTE lectured on the leading lineaments of the age, and every brother transcendentalist hails him as the wise. Smart dramatists and popular novelists pourtray impossible virtues and impossible vices, impossible villains and still more impossible saints, and an impossible state of society altogether, and varnish the whole over with a certain amount of claptrap and cant, the main ingredient in which is a skillful appeal to the sagacity and conscience and generosity, which the auditor or the reader imagines he possesses, and the gaudy jumble passes for a faithful mirror of the manners of the age. Some itinerant rhetorician, who waxed fat on other men's ideas, having exhausted all subjects besides, casts his lasso over half a dozen wandering facts, and having tamed them into something like order, takes credit for giving to marvelling crowds, who do not nicely distinguish between paste and pearls, a glimpse into what he is pleased to call the philosophy of the age. But what the age is, what its essence, what its moral significance, what its historical import, what its true and peculiar life, what its aggregate mission as an agency of civilisation, only the comprehensive knowledge, and the calm meditation of after ages, can determine.

Little, however, as an age is fitted to appre-

ciate itself, it is still the duty of every earnest and heroic worker for a lofty idea or a sacred cause to form as profound and accurate an estimate as possible of the distinctive attributes of the age. Of course, however prolonged or perspicacious the analysis, the attributes of the age, which he regards as distinctive, and those which posterity may view as such, will be widely different. But he cannot fail to be nearer the truth than the mass of the commonplace mechanical persons around him, to whom the age is simply a phrase and nothing more. Not more surely or speedily than they, can he cleave into the marrow of the grand problem which the age has to solve. He can take, however, a noble attitude in relation to a particular period, precisely in the degree that he endeavours to pierce into its character. An undaunted courage and sublime aspirations suffice not to help on the regeneration of society when some flagrant evil needs to be swept away, and some mighty good needs to be done, ere man can breathe the free breath of a stern and antique virtue again. The brave Idealist, who yearns to tread the troublous path of the reformer, will squander the best of his being in rapid and resultless alternations of rashness and of dreaminess, unless he know far more of the age than those who are the age's slaves, and for whose deliverance he toils.

Some among the shrewdest of those who have studied and endeavoured to delineate the present age have spoken of the preponderance of *materialism over spiritualism*—of the substitution of *forms for realities* as its salient traits. That these constitute a large part of its weakness, and a certain share of its iniquity, is unquestionable. But it is wrong to exhibit them as its chief peculiarities. When has spiritualism had more influence than materialism? When have realities been more revered than forms? Compare the present age with the reign of LOUIS XV. in France, or with the main portion of the last century in England; and will it not at once be manifest that realities and spiritualism have both acquired a wider and deeper dominion than they had then. The yearning for realities displays itself in both countries in ceaseless political activity, and in a thousand energetic attempts to promote social progress and to organise social institutions. The cant that is mixed up with all this may mar the effort, but does not efface the fact. The tendency to spiritualism cannot, from the nature of the case, assume such palpable shapes; but it is not less abroad, stirring the hearts of men. One element of the recent fermentations in the Anglican Church was plainly the longing for a more spiritual philosophy—one dealing less in inductions and more in intuitions than had been prevalent from the time of LOCKE. The great and growing attention also devoted to German literature by the ripest scholars and the subtlest thinkers in this country, has had its most living source in the thirst for a more generous sap of spiritualism than the contemporary literature, or the general social relations of England afford. In France how completely are CONDILLAC, and the later preachers of sensualist systems, dethroned! Apart from those who attempt to revive such systems, or to give them a new form, the philosophical aimings, theories, and beliefs in France are nearly all spiritual, whether they run in the direction of religious mysticism, of neoplatonism, of German transcendentalism, or of that peculiarly French and more rational theosophy which offers MALEBRANCHE as its richest, most genial, and original thinker. However disgusting, likewise, and immoral, many modern French novels and

dramas, it is doing signal injustice to a nation whose high position, whose free and prosperous course, are identified with the civilisation of the world to deny that the best literature of France at present—that which alone can justly be called its literature—is thoroughly leavened with spiritualism, and derives all its warmth, freshness, and beauty from it.

The most notable attribute, and at the same time the most deplorable defect of the present age, we conceive to be its want of *spontaneousness*. Everything seems to happen by a resistless necessity, and as if conscious volition were passing away from human communities. The men who figure the most strikingly in famous exploits or in memorable reforms seem less daring in inventive individualities than simply the most conspicuous among certain prominent circumstances. There is a vague indolent feeling of universal fatality which is all the more pernicious as a motive of action in that it has not the strength to fructify and symmetrise itself into a faith. Religion degenerates wholly into resignation, morality wholly into a barren negation, and politics wholly into a meagre and timid prudence, because all around seems the tyrannous and overwhelming sequence of an inevitable destiny, and the inspiration and the power to grapple with this have ceased to burn in the soul. Great men are now the product of great things instead of producing them, and a valiant personality of character, if it dare to shew itself, is ridiculed as folly, or punished as guilt.

The second primordial characteristic of the present age, we consider, is its habit of putting, in a degree of which no previous age offers the example, *words for things*. To the words which circulate from mouth to mouth, not one man in a hundred attaches a definite meaning, or indeed any meaning at all. They are uttered, they are listened to as empty sounds and no more. Ask the first person you meet what is the meaning of such and such words that he has been using—he will be perfectly unable to reply. More than half the moral defects of the present generation have an intellectual cause. It is by seeking so exclusively for the moral cause that the immoral result is so difficult to vanquish. You will make this the most moral of all ages, not by appeals to the conscience and the heart, but by restoring that thorough mental identity between words and things, which in times not remotely past has existed.

HISTORY.

History of the Ancient Britons, from the Earliest Period to the Invasion of the Saxons. Compiled from the Original Authorities. By the Rev. J. A. GILES, D.C.L. late Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford; Author of "The Life and Letters of Thomas à Becket," and Editor of "Patres Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ." London, 1847.

OUR readers will probably remember Dr. GILES's *Life of Thomas à Becket*. The researches required for the composition of that learned and laborious work were necessarily extended beyond the immediate era of which he was treating. He had to inquire into the causes of events. It was therefore a temptation to make use of the information he had thus obtained, and of the access it had given him to the sources of knowledge, for a more searching and formal inquiry than had yet been instituted by any antiquarian into the history of the ancient Britons.

Dr. GILES candidly informs us at the commencement, that in this work we are not to look for those life-like sketches of men and

events which have characterised modern historical literature, and especially that of France. In the true spirit of an antiquary, he asserts that the naked fact should be stated, as it is found in the original record, unadorned and unimproved. The "bare skeleton and inanimate sketch" left to us by the contemporary historian, is not to be endowed with soul and colour. In this Dr. GILES is both right and wrong. The solution of the enigma is, that both kinds of historians are necessary. We require the skeleton of history as exhumed by the antiquarian; but no less needful is the glowing imagination of the historian to clothe it with flesh, and breathe into it the breath of life. The object of the antiquarian is not to instruct the public; his sole business is to gather information for the historian. Their several missions may be illustrated thus, preserving still the simile of the skeleton. The antiquarian collects the group, as does the naturalist the organic remains of a former world. Here his task ends; his duty is done: but it is not here that the general public is to be summoned to view the result of his labours; to them they would be sufficiently uninteresting, if not actually disagreeable. But just where his work concludes, that of the historian commences. He takes the collection of dry bones into his charge; views them with the eye of the comparative anatomist; traces from their present their past condition; gathers together the fragments; supplies defects by analogies; clothes the limbs with muscle and sinew; summons them in the aspects they had in life before his mental vision; groups them again, and produces a perfect picture, which he presents to the reader, not as the precise truth in every minute particular, but as the general shape and substance of things as they once existed, and which, if occasionally erring, is upon the whole a panorama of the past sufficiently accurate for the purpose of history, which is to teach by example, and is undoubtedly far more useful than the lifeless monuments gathered by the antiquarian, who seems to consider that *facts* have some value in themselves; whereas alone they are of no worth—it is their application only that gives them a price.

Now Mr. GILES is the antiquarian, and not the historian. He has collected a large quantity of dead material, which others must mould into the form of history and imbue with life and soul. It is therefore valuable as a book for the author's shelf or the public library, rather than for the general reader; and as we profess to guide the choice of the latter, and to leave the former to more learned lucubrations, we will not longer occupy the time of our readers with criticisms upon it, but will conclude with two or three extracts that will serve as fair specimens of Dr. GILES's style.

One of the most curious passages is the description of Ancient Britain, as collected from the Roman writers.

ANCIENT BRITAIN.

There are four ports at which voyagers generally cross from the mainland to the island; those are at the mouths of the river Rhine, the Seine, the Loire, and the Garonne; but those who cross from the country about the Rhine do not sail from the very mouths of the river, but from the Morini, who border on the Menapians, where also is Itium, which the divine Cæsar used for a port when he crossed into the island. He set sail by night, and reached his destination the next day about ten o'clock, having accomplished a voyage of three hundred and twenty furlongs. He found the corn still in the fields on his arrival. The island is for the most part flat and woody, but there are many strong places on hills. It is said to be very populous, and the climate everywhere cold, as lying so far towards the North Pole. It produces corn, cattle, gold,

silver, and iron; which also form its exports, together with skins, slaves, and dogs of a superior breed for the chase. The Gauls use these dogs in war, as well as others of their own breed. Britain is said to be inhabited by indigenous tribes, who retain traces of ancient manners. In some respects they are similar to the Gauls, but more simple and barbarous, far removed from the cunning and vice of men of the present day: their food is plain and inexpensive, and very unlike the luxury which wealth creates. The men are taller than the Gauls, and not so yellow-haired, but more corpulent. And this is an instance of their stature: I saw at Rome some young men who were six inches taller than the tallest natives; but they were distorted in their feet, and not of a good figure. Though the country abounds in milk, there are some among the natives who do not know how to make cheese; and they are neither acquainted with the use of gardens, nor understand other branches of agriculture. In gathering in the produce of their corn-fields, they cut off the stalks of corn, and store them up in thatched houses; and out of these they pluck the old ears from day to day, and use them to make their food. They have several kings and chieftains amongst them, and are in general peaceably disposed towards one another. They mostly use chariots in war; as some of the Gauls also do, and as the ancient Grecian heroes are said to have done at the siege of Troy. Their towns are the hills, on the tops of which they enclose a large space with felled trees; and within this fence they make for themselves huts composed mostly of reeds and logs, and sheds for their cattle: but these establishments are not permanent. The sky is rather stormy than cloudy; and in fine weather there is a mist which lasts some time, so that the sun is only seen for about three or four hours in the middle of the day. But this is also the case with the Morini and the Menapii, and other tribes in their neighbourhood.

The divine Cæsar crossed over twice into the island; but he speedily returned, without effecting anything of consequence, or penetrating far into the country; for he was prevented by disaffection and quarrels among the Gauls, and also his own soldiers; besides which, he lost many of his ships by the high tides which prevail there at the full of the moon. He defeated the Britons in two or three battles, though he carried over only two divisions of his army; and he brought away hostages and slaves, besides other booty in abundance. At present, however, some of their princes have sent ambassadors to cultivate the friendship of Augustus Cæsar, and deposited offerings in the Capitol, and so brought the whole island to be in friendly connection with the Romans. They pay tolls of a trifling value on all exports to Gaul and imports from thence: these are in general ivory bracelets, necklaces, glass vessels, and such like small wares. Thus there is no necessity for garrisoning the island; for it would require at least one legion and some cavalry in order to gather tribute from it, and so the expense of the army would be equal to the income; for the tolls must be lessened if taxes were added, besides the dangers which would be encountered if force were used. Let us now speak of the tin which it produces. The inhabitants of Britain, who live near the Belerian promontory, are peculiarly hospitable, and, from the great resort of foreigners, more polished in manners. They prepare the tin, and show much skill in working the earth which produces it. This being of a stony nature, and having earthy veins in every direction, they work their way into these veins, and so by means of water separate the fragments. These they bruise into small pieces, and convey to an island which lies in front of Britain, called Ictis; for at the great ebbs of the tide the channel becomes dry, and they carry over the tin in large quantities on waggons. There is a singular circumstance connected with all the neighbouring islands which lie between Britain and the continent of Europe. At high tide they are islands, because the intervening channel is full of water; but at the ebb the sea withdraws, and a large space is left uncovered, so that they look like peninsulas. From Ictis the tin is purchased by native merchants, and transported to Gaul; and finally it is carried by land through

Gaul, a journey of thirty days, on pack-horses, to the mouth of the Rhone. This account of the tin may suffice at present.

There are also some smaller islands in the neighbourhood of Britain, and a large one called Ierne, which runs parallel to it on the north, and extends to a greater width. We have no certain information about this island, except that its inhabitants are wilder than the Britons, and very voracious; they are cannibals, and hold it right to eat their fathers when they die: their customs as regards women affect publicity, nor is incest illegal among them. The climate is unfavourable to the ripening of grain, but so luxuriant in herbage, which is very rich and sweet, that the cattle very soon fill themselves, and if they were not driven off would overfeed themselves and burst. Its inhabitants are uncivilised and ignorant of every virtue; to the social affections they are utter strangers. But we give even these statements with hesitation, as depending on no certain testimony. As to their cannibalism, however, that custom prevails among the Scythians; and, under the restraints of a siege, the Gauls, Ibernians, and many other nations, are said to do the same.

The productions of the island are thus described:—

We learn from Martial that the Britons were basket-makers; and it is more interesting to find that they called their work by the same name which it still bears—

Work of barbaric art, a basket I
From painted Britons came; but the Roman city
Now call the painted Britons' art their own.

The same poet informs us that his own verses were said to have already found their way into Britain, and to be chanted by the people. * * Another production, for which Britain is still famous, was its dogs; which in the time of the poet Nemesian, the Somerville of his day, were objects of well-merited attention.

Hunting Poem, v. 123.

But not the Spartan dog and swift Molossian
Alone demands your care; for furthest Britain
Sends forth a hound that's swift of foot, and fit
To urge the chase in this part of our globe.

Lead and tin were well known products of Britain; the former was first exported to the Mediterranean by one Midacritus, out of Britain, where it was found in extraordinary abundance, as related by Pliny. The same writer remarks, that the Britons still manufactured canoes made of wicker-work and covered with skins: such boats have continued in use on the river Wye, in Wales, almost to our own times. Amber was believed by Suetonius to be found in Britain flowing from the rocks, but this account has received no confirmation. Cherries, it appears, were already known in Britain before the first century of the Christian era. This fruit was first introduced into Italy, after the war with Mithridates, by Lucullus, about seventy years before Christ; and within 120 years from that time, it had extended into Britain.

The following is the account given by DIODORUS of Sicily of

THE BARDS.

There are among them composers of verses whom they call bards; these, singing to instruments similar to lyres, applaud some, while they vituperate others. There are also certain philosophers and priests surpassingly esteemed, whom they call Druids. They have also soothsayers, who are held in high estimation; and these, by auguries and sacrifice of victims, foretell future events, and hold the commonalty in complete subjection: and more especially, when they deliberate on matters of moment, they practise a strange and incredible rite; for having devoted a man for sacrifice, they strike him with a sword on a part above the diaphragm: the victim having fallen, they augur from his mode of falling, the contortion of his limbs, and the flowing of the blood, what may come to pass; giving credence concerning such things to an ancient and long-standing observance. They have a custom of performing no sacrifice unattended by a philosopher; for they say that thanksgiving should be offered to

the gods by men acquainted with the Divine nature, and using the same language, and by these they deem it necessary to ask for good things; and not only in the concerns of peace, but even of war, not friends alone, but even enemies, also chiefly defer to them and to the composers of verses. Frequently, during hostilities, when armies are approaching each other with swords drawn and lances extended, these men rushing between them put an end to their contentions, taming them as they would tame wild beasts.

These will suffice to shew the character of Dr. GILES'S volume, and the labour he has bestowed upon it.

History of the Girondists; or, Personal Memoirs of the Patriots of the French Revolution. From Unpublished Sources. By ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE. Vol. II. London: Bohn.

THE first volume of this brilliant history was reviewed at very great length, and we are sorely tempted to give an equal space to the present one, which even exceeds it in interest. But this is the beginning of the publishing season; new books are crowding upon us: the cost of this is so trifling that it is within reach of the poorest. All our readers can, and ought, not merely to peruse, but to possess it; therefore we must be content with placing its appearance in our record of the progress of literature.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

A Sketch of Assam, with some Account of the Hill Tribes. London, 1847.

THIS is avowed by the author to be but a sketch of a more elaborate work which he contemplates, and which it is to be hoped he will, ere long, complete. His object is stated to be to make Assam and its resources better known to the English Government and English commerce. But, truth to say, his descriptions of the country and the people are not very inviting. It is infested with wild beasts and serpents, and devastated by jungle fever. The author was himself a visitor by compulsion rather than from choice. In November 1840 he was appointed to the command of the Assam Light Infantry. He took boat on the Ganges, reached Dacca at the end of the year, and thence, in nineteen days, penetrated to his station at Goalparah, at the entrance to Assam, distant from the capital Gowahatty by six days' journey. Thither the established conveyance was a boat slowly paddled against a pretty stiff stream; but this not suiting an Englishman's impatience, he left the little boat, hired a canoe, of great length, pulled by eighteen men, and thus swept along, in despite of current, at the rate of fifty miles a day, until he reached his destination at Saikwah, where he assumed his command of the formidable army of three hundred men and two field-pieces. This is his description of

SAIKWAH.

The site of Saikwah, the north-eastern frontier military post in Upper Assam, is on the south bank of the Burrampooter; on low ground, intersected by numerous streams, and surrounded with dense high tree-jungle, having the Bisanorie and the Saikwah streams on the west and east, and the Burrampooter on the north. For the comfort of the troops a space of about 1,000 square yards has been cleared of jungle. In the vicinity of, or a few miles distant from Saikwah, there are some small villages inhabited by tribes denominated Doonaneahs, Moolooks, Kesungs, Jillys, Mishmees, and Meerees, who, from their wild habits, prefer the jungles to the plains. They grow a scanty supply of rice, kullie (a species of vetch), and Indian corn; the whole of which is generally consumed in a few months, leaving them to depend, for the remainder of the year, on leaves of the forest, kutchos (a kind of arrow-root), and wild yams. Saikwah was se-

lected as a military post in 1839, immediately after the station of Sudeeah, on the opposite or north bank, had been surprised and burnt by the neighbouring tribes. It is eighty miles distant from the Patkoe Mountains, separating Assam from Burmah; but it is by no means so desirable a station for the health of the troops as the deserted post of Sudeeah, in an open plain of six miles in extent. The object, however, of the change of locality, was to enable the Light Infantry to afford protection to the tea-gardens in Muttuck from the sudden aggressions of the numerous wild, fierce border tribes. In this respect it has answered; hitherto, few depredations have been committed, though insurrections have been frequent. The trade of Saikwah consists of ivory, wax, and a little cotton; the amount of ivory sold in the bazaar, the shopkeepers informed me, averaged annually about 6000. A more desolate place than Saikwah can scarcely be imagined. It is surrounded by fierce and treacherous tribes, who occupy a most impenetrable tree and grass jungle, and whose endeavours are perpetually directed to the annihilation of the troops. At first, the hourly patrol's grand rounds and alarms allowed me little rest or ease; but the alertness of the troops in getting under arms at night to repel any meditated attack, soon obliterated from my mind all apprehension of surprise. The Assam Light Infantry wish for nothing better than an opportunity of contending with the Singphoos, or indeed with any of their treacherous neighbours (whom they hold in the utmost contempt), in a fair battle in the open country; but in the jungles they find it impossible to come in contact with their foes.

Soon after, he was despatched to Burpetah, to establish a station there. Of this portion of the territory of the people, and the natural history, he gives a minute account. Thus of

THE ANIMAL WORLD AT ASSAM.

On the trees at Burpetah, great numbers of the vampire or fox-bats are to be seen hanging by their claws with their heads downwards. They are offensive-looking objects, having a body eleven inches long, and each wing twenty-two inches in length. I have never heard a native assert that they suck the blood of cattle when sleeping, and if it were the case, such a circumstance would certainly be quickly verified; it may therefore justly be inferred that this is a popular error. It is said that the food of the fox-bat consists entirely of jungle fruits; their flesh is esteemed a delicacy by many natives, and I have frequently shot them to gratify the appetites of my own servants. There is a strange superstition amongst the natives that the bones of the fox-bat, worn as an amulet or charm, will cure any limb or part of the body affected with pain. One of the most curious members of the animal (query, vegetable?) world in Assam, is the leaf-insect,—so called from its very close resemblance in form, colour, and general structure (even to the fibre), to the leaf of the tree which it inhabits. In fact, until the insect moves, it is difficult to distinguish it from the leaf itself. Many attempts at transmitting a perfect specimen to Europe have been frustrated by the perishable character of the insect. Spirits are entirely inefficacious as preservatives, and camphor destroys the colour of the animal. In perambulating the district, I was particularly struck with the immense extent of high grass jungle between the Burrampooter river and the foot of the Bootan mountains. I frequently traversed a distance of from eight and ten miles through a dense grass jungle twenty feet high, without meeting with a solitary hut or any cultivation; but suddenly, a village and an open cultivated space of a few hundred acres would burst upon the view and vary the monotony of the scene. This would be followed by a dreary waste extending to the next village, often five or six miles distant; while a solitary footpath, forming the only communication between the small communities thus isolated, clearly shewed that for many months in the year little intercourse, except by water, is kept up between them. The country is infested with wild animals, and the foot-paths are dangerous at all times. Some slight idea may be formed of the danger to human life from

the denizens of the jungle, when I state that in the western quarter of the district of Kamroop alone, in the short period of six months, the police reports included twenty men killed by wild elephants and buffaloes. The damage done to the rice crops yearly by wild elephants and buffaloes is very considerable; and although government bestows a reward of two rupees eight annes, or 5s. for every buffalo destroyed, and five rupees or 10s. for every tiger's head, such is the apathy and indifference of the natives to their own interests and preservation, that they seldom exert themselves to earn the gratuity until repeated aggressions become unbearable. When wild elephants pull down their huts, or a tiger from previous success becomes emboldened to enter their little dwellings and carry off their cattle, then the village community will turn out in a body, surrounding with nets the tiger's lair,—a small patch of jungle in the vicinity of the village,—and shouting and yelling, they drive the intruder into the nets, where he falls an easy victim to the spears and bludgeons of the enraged and injured populace.

And again, in another place, he says of these plagues:—

A few days after my arrival at Saikwah sufficed to plaster my mat-and-grass cottage with mud, and with the assistance of the Sipahs, a chimney for a fireplace was soon constructed, with bricks and mortar obtained from old buildings at Sudeeah; then putting in a glass window, I was enabled, in comfort and solitariness, to pursue my usual avocations in all weathers. In this secluded retreat, every incident, however trifling in itself, acquired an importance which induced me to note it in my tablets. On one occasion, about eight o'clock at night, sitting by a snug fireside, my attention was arrested by the approach of an unwelcome visitor making his way in at the door. Taking up a candle to ascertain who or what was forcing ingress to my dwelling, I beheld a python, or boa constrictor, about six feet long, steadily advancing towards me. In my defenceless position, it may be imagined that safety depended on immediate flight; and the monster thus speedily gained entire possession of my habitation. It was, however, for a few minutes only that he was permitted to remain the undisturbed occupant of the abode, for my servants quickly dispatched the intruder with a few blows inflicted with long poles. An apothecary, who had long been attached to the Assam Light Infantry, assured me that pythons, or boa constrictors, were very numerous in our vicinity, and of an immense size, some not being less than fifteen or eighteen feet in length. I had evidence of the truth of the statement, a skin, fifteen feet long, being subsequently brought me by the natives. I caused it to be tanned and sent to England. Small serpents were often met with. On one occasion, the apothecary brought me two boa constrictors, of about four feet long, which he had found on a table curled up among some bottles in the same room where his children were sleeping. In all probability, the lives of the infants were saved by the mosquito curtains preventing access to the bed. Boa-constrictors are exceedingly fond of rats, and on this occasion they had evidently been in search of their prey. As my cottage had not the usual white cloth ceiling suspended, insects, snakes, and vermin frequently descended from the roof into the rooms; but by keeping the house free of baggage and well swept, contact with them was avoided. The reader will suppose an Assam mat hut to be a dreary kind of residence; but I can assure him the logwood fire on a hearth one foot high, in the centre of a room, with a small window cut high in the wall for the escape of the smoke, is by no means devoid of cheerfulness. The general characteristic of the climate of Upper Assam is excessive moisture. Rains fall heavily and frequently in March, April, and May, and continue to the middle of October; and from this time till February, the atmosphere is cool and pleasant.

And here is a sketch of

THE PEOPLE OF ASSAM.

The population of Burpetah is estimated at about 3,000 souls; their huts are built without any regu-

larity, on high artificial mounds of earth, in the centre of gardens of betel-nut and plantain-trees, clumps of bamboos, cane and grass jungle, mango and other large trees, under the shade of which, impervious to the sun, roads or channels intersect the town in every direction. In the rainy seasons, these channels, owing to the inundation of the country, are filled with water many feet in depth. Every house, consequently, is provided with one or more canoes, in which the inhabitants visit each other's isolated positions; and the cattle are brought upon the little eminences at night, and housed oftentimes under the same roof with the family, if not in the same room. Daily may the cattle be seen swimming across these street-streams, in search of a dry spot of land on which to graze. In this manner, for four months of each year—June, July, August, and September—are the people surrounded by floods; but, as if endowed with amphibious natures, they seem equally happy in or out of the water, and pass their time on board their boats in trading with other villages throughout Assam. When at home, they amuse themselves during the rainy season in collecting the wood which floats down the rivers, from the destruction of their banks alluded to in the foregoing chapter; and in the sport of catching wild buffaloes, deer, and pigs, which are now seen in great numbers swimming across the rivers from the low inundated grounds to reach more elevated spots on which to subsist. The animals in their passage being overtaken by canoes, are captured, with the aid of ropes and spears, with little difficulty.

These extracts will suffice to shew the sort of entertainment to be found in this volume.

FICTION.

The Convict; a Tale. By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq. Author of "The Smuggler," &c. In 3 vols. London, 1847. Smith, Elder and Co.

MR. JAMES, in his preface, disclaims any intention of typifying in Filmer, the Roman Catholic Priest, a class or a profession. He is the picture only of an individual.

But we fear that prefaces to novels are seldom read, and consequently that this powerful portraiture will be taken by the innocent public to be a bold and not unsuccessful attempt to flatter the prejudices of party and the rancour of sectarianism; and we should grieve were Mr. JAMES's influence to be, however unintentionally, given to the encouragement of social hatreds, even though they veil themselves under the hallowed robe of religion, and preach discord in the name of the Gospel of Peace.

Therefore do we ask our readers, before they sit down to the enjoyment of Mr. JAMES's new novel, to remember the emphatic language of his preface: "I beg most distinctly to state, that I do not put forth this personage as a specimen of the Roman Catholic clergy, many of whom are amongst the most estimable men I ever knew."

With this assurance we are not inclined to quarrel with his remark, that "the same acts could not have been perpetrated by a Protestant in any ordinary circumstances, because he could not have had at command the same means of influencing the minds of others." There is strict truth in this. As MICHELET has shewn, the peculiar position which the priest occupies in families, invests him with powers which may be turned to the most mischievous purposes. It is not that, naturally or by his vocation, a priest is worse than other men; but it is unsafe to entrust humanity even in its most perfect condition with the sway that is given to the priest; the dread of the Jesuits which has excited Switzerland to civil war, though doubtless much exaggerated, is yet not altogether unfounded: it had its origin in

experience, and apart from the proof, the philosopher would have pronounced in anticipation that the effects of the system must be such as they have been found to be.

As every body reads Mr. JAMES's novels, there is no need to analyse the story of this new one. Nor would it be fair to anticipate the reader's pleasure by the revelation of the plot, which, extremely simple in its construction, yet preserves its interest without flagging from the very first chapter. Instead of throwing any light upon this, but rather with a view to provoke the curiosity, we shall content ourselves with a few extracts. Of the whole work we may say that it is one of his most successful productions, exhibiting revived care in the writing, and avoiding the fault into which the author had lately lapsed of too much expansion of his matter, as if he had devised a plot fitted for two volumes which he considered it a sort of duty to spread over three.

Let us first, as in gallantry bound, present the portrait of the heroine—

EVA BRANDON.

There was a small party assembled at a large country house, not above three miles, by the high road, from the spot where the last events which I have recorded took place. It was a very extensive and very old-fashioned brick building. Old-fashioned! It is a curious term. The house was little more than a century old; a father might have seen it built, and a son might have heard it called old-fashioned, for the savour of earthly things passes away so rapidly, that what our parents considered the perfection of skill and convenience, we hold to be but a rude effort towards our own excellence. Yet they were very convenient buildings those old houses of the reigns of George the First and George the Second; solid in their walls, large, and yet secure, in their windows, high in their ceilings, broad and low in their staircases, many in their rooms, and strong in their partitions. There was little lath and plaster about them, little tinsel and bright colouring; but there was a sober and a solid grandeur, a looking for comfort rather than finery, of duration rather than cheapness, which made them pleasant to live in, and makes them so even to the present day.

Nothing that tended to comfort was wanting in that house; its solidity seemed to set at defiance wind, and storm, and time; and its wide grates laughed in the face of frost and cold, and bade them get forth, for they should have no abiding there. Turkey carpets covered most of the floors, even of those rooms which, by a law of the Dracoline dictator, Fashion, are condemned to bear that sort of carpet called Brussels, although the town which has given it name probably never, in the world's history, produced a rood thereof. The Turks, when they made them, must have marvelled much at what the Christian dogs could want with such large carpets; for the one in the room where the party was assembled, which was called the drawing-room, although it was lined with books, could not have been less than forty feet in length, by thirty in breadth, and yet there was a margin between it and the book-cases. There were four windows on one side of the room, as one looked towards which there was a door on the right hand leading into the library, a door on the left leading into the dining-room, and opposite the windows was another door, which opened into a large vestibule, separated from a stone hall by a screen filled up with glass. In one of the two fire-places which the room contained was a large blazing fire of wood, and near it was seated in an arm-chair, reading a book, a very gentlemanly well-dressed man, a good deal passed the middle age, with his feet, warming themselves at the blaze, crossed and elevated upon a low stool. The other fire-place was not so well attended to, but, nevertheless, it was glowing with a tolerable degree of brightness, and near it was seated two young people amusing themselves, as best they might, during an evening which expectation had rendered tedious. Sometimes they played at chess together, and laughed and wrangled good-

humouredly enough; sometimes the one read and the other wrote; sometimes the one drew and the other read; sometimes they talked in low tones, and laughed gaily as they conversed. They were very nearly of an age—that is to say, there was not quite two years difference between them, but those two years had been so allotted as, considering their sexes, to make the difference of five or six. The lady was the elder of the two. She was very nearly approaching one-and-twenty, while the young man was a few months beyond nineteen. They seemed fond of each other, but it was with a fraternal sort of fondness, although they were not brother and sister; and yet, for the young man at least, their near propinquity and constant communication, had it not been for other circumstances, might have proved dangerous, for certainly a lovelier or more enjoying creature had seldom been seen than her with whom he then sat in the unchecked familiarity of near relationship. She was the opposite in personal appearance, at least, of the girl we have lately spoken of. Her hair could hardly be called black, for in certain lights there was a gleam of rich brown in it, but her eyebrows and eyelashes were as dark as night, and her complexion, though by no means brown in itself, and tinged in the cheeks with the rose, was of that shade which usually accompanies black hair; but her eyes were blue—deep blue, it is true—so much so, that what with the jetty fringe which surrounded them, and their own depth of hue, many a person thought that they were black, yet they were blue—very blue, of the colour of an Italian sky when the sun has just gone down beyond the highest hill, and left it full of depth and lustre. In height she was certainly taller than the Venus de Medicis; but yet she did not strike one as tall, whether it was from the great symmetry of her figure or some peculiarity in the proportions. But that which most attracted an observer, and especially those that knew her well, was a sparkling variety in the expression of her countenance, and a similar variety in the grace of her movements. When she was reading, or thinking, or writing, or singing, there was an earnestness, a deep tranquillity in her aspect which would have made one suppose her a being of a very meditative and almost grave disposition; but in conversation, and on all ordinary occasions, the look was quite different,—gay, sparkling, flashing with cheerfulness and spirit. When she sat still, the lines of her form fell with such easy grace, and seemed so full of tranquil beauty, that any one might have thought that the predominant character was calm repose; but when she moved, especially under any immediate excitement, the light elasticity of every motion changed her at once into a different creature.

TWO YEARS.

Two years had passed. Two years!—what is it? who can say? Different to every being in the whole wide range of universal existence. Time is the true chameleon, and takes its colour entirely from the things through which it glides. Now grey and dull, now bright and shining, now purple with the mingled hues of exertion and success, rosy with love and hope, or azure with faith and confidence!—Years, what are they? Nothing, for to many they have no existence; mere spots in the wide ocean of eternity, which realize the mathematician's utmost abstraction when he defines a point as that which hath no parts, or which hath no magnitude—neither length, breadth, nor thickness. Yet to others how important are years—how full of events, and feelings, and actions! How often is it that in that short space of two years life is crowded; so that, when we look back at the end of mortal existence, there—gathered into those four-and-twenty months—stands out the whole of active being, and all the rest is idleness and emptiness, the broad salvages of the narrow strip of cloth. Two years, too, viewed from different positions in the wide plain of life, how different do they appear! The prospective and the retrospective changes them entirely. It is the looking up and the looking down a hill, for the perspective of time is very different from that of substantial objects. The vanishing point comes close to the eye when we gaze back; is far, far removed when we gaze forward. At every

period of life, too, it changes, and with every feeling of the heart, with every passion of our nature. To the young man, the two years just passed stretch far away, filled with incidents and sensations, all bright in their novelty, and vivid to the eye of memory. To the old man they are but a space, and that space empty. He hardly believes that the time has flown which has brought him two strides nearer the grave. Say to the eager and impetuous youth, two years must pass before you can possess her whom you love, and you spread out an eternity before him, full of dangers and disappointments. Tell the timid clinger to life's frail thread, you can but live two years longer, and the termination seems at the very door. Pain, pleasure, hope, fear, thought, study, care, anxiety, our moral habits, our corporeal sensations, our thirsty wishes, our replete indifference—all contract or expand the elastic sphere of time, and we find at last that it is but a phantasm, the sole existence of which is in change. The sun, and the moon, and the stars, were given, we are told, to be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and for years; and regularity was given to their motions, that order might be in variety; but variety is not less infinite, because all is rendered harmonious, and regular recurrence only serves to work out spaces in the ever-necessary progress of change. It is not alone that the vast whole does not present at any time two things exactly alike: but it is that all things in that whole, and the whole itself, are altering in every instant and every fraction of an instant, which give us the infinity of variety. All is in movement, upon, throughout, and round the earth. All is undergoing change, but it is the vastness, the violence, the rapidity of that change which mark time, or, in other words, marks the march of the shadow. Two years had passed with their changes, and of those I shall speak hereafter. Suns had set and risen; day and night had been; months had succeeded weeks; hearts were cold that were then warm; eyes were dim that were then bright; the shade of grey had come upon the glossy hair; sickness and health had changed places in many a frame; states had seen revolutions; men had perished and been born; vice and virtue had triumphed or had failed; monarchs had died, and good and wise men passed away; shipwreck and flame, and war and pestilence, and accidents and sorrow had done their part, and bursting forth again from a thousand different sources, the teeming life of earth had sprung up and glittered in the sun, as if but the more abundant for that which had been abstracted from it. The world had grown older, but not the less full; and those who had aided the work and had undergone the change were hardly conscious that it had taken place.—Two years had passed.

It will be seen from these extracts that Mr. JAMES has lost none of his graphic skill in description—none of his fine powers of reflection.

POETRY.

Poems and Ballads. By JULIA TILT. Second Edition; with Additions. London: Churton.

Wayside Verses. By W. J. BROCK. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

The Shadow of the Pyramid; a Series of Sonnets. By ROBERT FERGUSON. London: Pickering.

Lyra Rudis. By FRANK BROWNE. London: Longman and Co.; Nottingham: Dearden.

THE season, in general so unfruitful in literary works, is as prolific as ever in volumes of verse. The dullness of the times will not, we should imagine, materially affect the sale of such works. We now proceed, as in duty bound, to notice a few of those claiming our attention.

We were, we confess, much surprised to see a "second edition" on the title-page of Miss TILT's pretty little volume, till we discovered that the first had been published by subscription, the authoress appearing to have been favoured by the patronage of many personages

in the great world. Miss TILT is young, we should think, amiable, and from what she says, we conclude, poor—all circumstances which engage our interest and sympathy. But our first duty, as indeed it is the first duty of every one, is truth, and we regret that truth compels us to say that these poems are utterly worthless. Most of them consist of "Lines" addressed to persons on such occasions as when dressed for a ball, or prepared for a marriage, or have been written on seeing a picture,—of all styles of poetry, perhaps, the most thoroughly uninteresting. We take a verse at random. It is the first of some six or seven, composed on seeing a portrait of her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria, taken at the Spitalfields Ball, 1838:—

▲ form of grace, a brow of snow,
Is now King William's heir,
A face that never dreamt of woe,
Sorrow, sin, or care,
All thy days so joyous glide,
Life is like a summer-tide.

We have seen worse. More than this we cannot say in favour of Miss TILT.

Mr. BROCK's poems are many degrees better. They are rather above the average standard of works of this class, though, in saying so, we are giving but faint praise. They possess, however, some merit; the sentiment is pleasing and unaffected, and the turn of thought poetical. They are exactly the expression in smooth verses of such ideas as were likely enough to have arisen by the wayside in the mind of an amiable and intelligent man; but they possess little originality. The following lines are a fair specimen of Mr. BROCK's powers:—

APRIL IS COME.

April is come, like a wayward child,
Now brightly smiling, with aspect mild,
Then gathering clouds, like anger's frown,
And pouring its showers on blossom's down,
Then peeping again with smiles through tears,
As if to quiet our rising fears.

Uncertain the joys that flow from thee,
Yet, April, thou art the month for me;
Thy mingling sunbeams and shadows tell
Of seasons the heart has known full well,—
The morn of promise so bright and clear,
Has oft been marked with a cloud and tear.

Fit emblem of all that we meet with on earth,
Uncertain its stay, though bright its birth;
Truth-telling picture of human life,
With joys and sorrows profusely rife,—
Joys which may own a transient way,
And sorrows which dim the brightest day.

I would not care in a clime to live,
Where the cloudless skies no truth can give.
I love thee, month, to my life so true;
Thy tear-filled clouds, and thy dash of blue:
On the heart's own tablet this truth reveal—
"Though life hath its clouds, it hath hopes, we feel."

What we most admire in Mr. BROCK is this habit of reading moral sentiment in the imagery of nature. Even when, as in the above, the analogy displayed is commonplace, it is generally pleasing. A habit such as we have named ought to be cultivated by all who would thoroughly enjoy their country walks.

The Shadow of the Pyramid, as its title speaks, is a series of sonnets principally devoted to a description of the environs of Cairo, and to reflections suggested by the locality. It is a most respectably dull performance, as free from beauties as it is from faults, and affording as little room for the comments of the reviewer as any work we have ever seen. Mr. FERGUSON is evidently a man of respectable abilities, and of good education. So much is bespoken by his manner of thinking, which appears to be sensible, and his language which is unexceptionable; but he is without a ray of the light which clothes with beauty every object within the sphere of its magic influence. Had he possessed any share of it, he could not have failed to invest with greater interest a land so rife as the land of

Egypt with associations of all that is most wonderful or strange in the history of the human race, and all that is most striking in human character and human destiny,—from the most remote antiquity down to the present day,—from the times of JOSEPH and the PHARAOHS down to those of NAPOLEON BONA-PARTE and MEHEMET ALI. Mr. FERGUSON's opinions upon the character and government of the latter would, we think, have been more happily conveyed in prose, than by means of these sonnets, which appear to us a singularly inappropriate medium. The few words upon this subject in the preface are much more to the point—indeed the whole preface is very good—and goes far to prove that Mr. FERGUSON could write something worth reading, if he should succeed in discovering the line of authorship best adapted to his powers.

As a motto to his volume of poems, Mr. BROWNE has taken the following couplet from BYRON:—

"'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print,
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't."

Nothing could have been more appropriate; and if we can award no other praise to the young author, we must give him some credit for the selection of the above lines. *Lyra Rudis* does not belie its name; a more crude production it was never our lot to meet with. Nothing could excuse its publication but the extreme youth of the author, who, it seems, has numbered but eighteen years. There is, therefore, no occasion to despair of his becoming a wiser man—a poet, we can venture to predict, he never will be. He seems to be one of those unlucky wights who, possessing a ready flow of words, and a facility at stringing rhymes together, mistake such powers for the divine gift of poesy—sublime thoughts of truth and beauty, interpreted to commoner minds by means of such combinations of ordinary language as the poet alone knows how to make. Mr. BROWNE's verses are not the melancholy exhibition of ignorance, folly, and bad grammar, that we have occasionally encountered in the course of our critical career; they are merely nonsense. Witness the following:—

I am a lover of departed fame;
A Shakspeare's talent and his lays, and well
On the proud grandeur of a Byron's name,
In adoration my young harp could dwell.
His was the mind misfortune could not quell,
But gathered lustre from her reckless live;
He heeded not the thunderbolts that fell
Nor Envy's venom'd darts, that flew so fast,
But unsubdued in soul, did bear them to the last.

The Spenserian stanza seems to be Mr. BROWNE's favourite measure; but he will never take rank among those more modern writers who have successfully woven their lays in the outward style of the "Faery Queen,"—the mighty author of *Childe Harold*,—the *Bard of the Castle of Indolence*,—or the "sweet harmonious BEATTIE," as he has been justly characterised by a greater poet.

Should Mr. BROWNE write again, we recommend him to confine his productions to a private edition, as it seems the private edition of these now before us met with such approbation as to encourage him to present them to the public—a step which he will discover ere long to have been a foolish one. We have only to hope that he will not be deaf to the teaching of experience,

The Life and Works of William Cowper. Edited by Rev. T. S. GRIMSHAW. Vol. VII. London: Tegg and Co.

THIS volume of an edition of COWPER, to which we have already awarded the praise it deserves, completes "The Task," and commences the Miscellaneous Poems.

EDUCATION.

Readings for the Young, from the Works of Sir Walter Scott. In 3 vols. Edinburgh, 1848. Cadell.

THIS is the happiest design for a Christmas and New Year's Gift book that has yet been hit upon. Sir WALTER SCOTT is, of all English authors, the most popular with children; for he is the most pictorial in his manner of writing—he deals so little with abstractions, he draws realities so vividly. And the selection before us has been made with extreme good taste. It is a gathering of scenes, and descriptions, and episodes, from all his various works, poetry as well as prose. Thus, from the *Talisman* is taken the "Encounter between a Christian Knight and a Saracen Emir;" from *Ivanhoe*, the fine sketch of Sherwood Forest, of the Tournament at Ashby, and of the Trial of Rebecca. Entire stories are transferred from the *Tales of a Grandfather*, and some maxims, observations, and anecdotes are thrown together at the close of each volume. The pages are profusely illustrated with woodcuts in the very best style of art,—indeed the same as have adorned the Abbotsford edition of the novels. The paper and print are of the best; the volumes are neatly bound with gold edges, and altogether it is the aptest and most acceptable school-prize or Christmas gift-book which the season has produced.

Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary: with Key. A New Edition. By R. A. DAVENPORT. 1847. Tegg and Co.

To this edition there have been added upwards of 5,000 words; the definitions have been in many instances corrected and rendered more accurate, and the utmost care has been observed in the typography. It is the best of the numerous reprints of the immortal WALKER.

Simple Tales for the Young. London: Burns.

A COLLECTION of pretty little tales admirably adapted to please and to instruct the child. The writer does not talk like a person trying to be childish, but like one who, sympathising with the child, expresses himself without an effort in the language of children. Since the tales of Mrs. BARBAULD we have met with none so congenial with the nursery as these.

The Recreation. A Gift-Book for Young Readers. Edinburgh, 1847. Menzies.

A COLLECTION of the most interesting passages contained in the new books published during the last twelvemonth—a sort of miniature CRITIC; and indeed most of them were extracted in our notices of the various works as they appeared. But here they are rendered more attractive by numerous woodcut illustrations, and by a binding in cloth with gilded leaves adapting it for a Christmas present.

Stories from Heathen Mythology and Greek History. By the Rev. J. M. NEALE. London, 1847. Masters.

THIS is the second work having the same design which we have received very lately. The purpose is to convey to children the most poetical portions of the heathen mythology divested of its improprieties, and the author has successfully accomplished his design.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

THE November gathering is before us, and we proceed to our usual glance at its contents; and, to avoid complaint of partiality, we will now and in future take them in the order of their arrival.

The Gentleman's Magazine is more than usually interesting. In antiquities it presents some notices of "Gideon Delaware, apothecary to Queen Anne of Denmark;" "Manuscript Collections for Histories of the Counties of Ireland;" an Essay on the Use of the Reversed Shields in Heraldry, with engravings and descriptions of a Norman brick in Upton Church, and other relics. The subject of the Retrospective Review is "Gruber's Collection

of Italian Poets." Besides these, there is the usual abundant record of the progress of literature and art, the valuable Historical Chronicle and Obituary.

The Illustrated Shakspeare. Part IX. Orr and Co.—This part contains "King John," "King Richard the Second," and "King Henry the Fourth." The sketches with which the pages are so lavishly adorned abound in genius, and the paper and print are of the very best.

Carpenter's Popular Cyclopædia of Natural Science. Part IX. continues the subject of natural history, being devoted chiefly to the "Shell Fishes." It is profusely illustrated with woodcuts, and it is written in the popular and intelligible manner in which Dr. CARPENTER so remarkably conveys science to the general reader.

Wordsworth's Greece, Pictorial, Descriptive, and Historical. Part IX. contains large engravings on steel of the Temple at Corinth, the Scenery on the Road from Nauplia to Corinth, and a Scene on the Inachus. Among the text, on almost every page, woodcuts are scattered, of exquisite beauty, so that it belongs more to the department of art than of literature, although the latter is ably written by Mr. WORDSWORTH.

Milner's Gallery of Nature. Part IX. completes a work of which, in its progress, we have repeatedly spoken with admiration as one of the most instructive and interesting we ever remember to have read, and which is peculiarly adapted for schools and families. Its illustrations are beautiful.

Dolman's Magazine for November introduces some "Irish Gleanings," by an American, very eulogistic, and, we fear, very superficial. Two series of papers are begun in this number, and both promise well; namely, "The Mixed Marriage," a tale, and "The Adventures of a Schoolboy."

Mores Catholici, Part XXXVI. not only does not complete the work, but its close really appears as far off as ever.

The Eclectic Review for November opens with an article on the "Anti-Bribery Society," whose plans and purposes are warmly approved, and numerous illustrations added, of the necessity for some such association. The other political article is on the "Navigation Laws," which are denounced by figures, as well as by arguments. The religious articles, more properly the topics of such a review, are, "Beck's Christian State," and the "Revival of Protestantism in France." "National Education" is treated in the spirit of the three denominations by whom the voluntary system is supported, and of whom *The Eclectic* is the organ. "Travels in the East," and "The Sieges of Vienna by the Turks," are the titles of the other papers.

Tait's Edinburgh Magazine for November offers as its most attractive article an elaborate sketch of "Thomas Babington Macaulay," by GEORGE GILLAN. It is a very clever but somewhat too severe review of the political life and oratorical and literary genius of the late (with shame be it spoken) member for Edinburgh. The political article of the number is on the "Crisis and the Currency," the writer energetically siding against the Bank Restriction Acts. Sir THOMAS DICK LAUDER's second paper on Scottish rivers abounds in pleasant reading, the "Tweed and its Tributaries" being the subject. Mr. DE QUINCEY handles the delicate subject of "Protestantism," with a bold but inconclusive pen. As usual, he is too discursive. Some poetry of average merit, and the usual literary and political registers close the work.

Half-hours with the Best Authors, Part VI. concludes the second volume of this very useful and interesting publication. As we have before informed our readers, it consists of a selection of the best passages from the best writers of all countries and ages, made with much taste, each day having a portion of reading allotted to it. One day in each week is devoted to poetry, and every seventh day offers an extract from some celebrated preacher. The range of Mr. KNIGHT's research is extremely diverse, the part before us introducing passages from PRESCOTT, WATERTON, SHERIDAN, DE QUINCEY, SCOTT, FITZSTEPHEN, Sir T. MORE, HOOD, RANKE, COLERIDGE, KITTO, and so forth.

The National Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge, Part X. advances from the word Berwickshire to

Bokhara. As we have already stated, it is probably the cheapest publication ever attempted.

Knight's Farmer's Library and Cyclopædia of Rural Affairs, Part IX. continues the treatise on the Horse. The woodcut illustrations are numerous and good.

Knight's History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace, Part VII. Mr. KNIGHT purposes to complete the *Pictorial History of England* to the year 1846. In this number he treats of the events of the year 1819, concluding with the death of GEORGE III. The author is remarkable for the fairness with which he states the views of all parties, and he extracts largely from the speeches, pamphlets, and papers of the day, so as to give to his narrative a living interest.

The People's Journal for November contains contributions by Miss MARTINEAU, Mrs. LOUDON, Lord NUGENT, and others. It has six very clever woodcuts from celebrated pictures.

The Family Herald for November is as cheap and as amusing as ever. Its extracts are very superior to its original contributions, which are but the productions of amateurs.

The Pictorial Life of our Saviour. Part X. This completes the work. We see by the title-page that the writer is the Rev. J. KITTO, the editor of *The Pictorial Bible*.

Mr. Knight's One-Volume Edition of the Works of William Shakspeare. Parts X. XI. and XII. have brought it to a completion, and given to the public the cheapest, the most correct, and one of the most elegant editions of the dramatist that has ever issued from the press.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

The Life of Captain John Smith, the Founder of Virginia. By W. GILMORE SIMMS. New York, 1847. Geo. F. Coledge and Brother. 12mo. pp. 379.*

"ADVENTURES are to the adventurous," is the motto of a spirited tale by the younger D'ISRAELI, and it never met with a more complete practical realization in common life than in the extraordinary career of the great founder of Virginia. The latter title has obscured, in his case, other claims to distinction which would separately have ranked him far above the roll of ordinary heroes. His life is one of the most eventful upon record, and unites two elements, which are rarely met with together; the apparent recklessness and abandon of the adventurer of fortune, with the consummate wisdom and prudence which shape their ends as if fortune was acting in obedience to them. On one side of his character, Captain JOHN SMITH may be compared to PAUL JONES in daring valour, in ingenuity, fertility of resources, and the indifference with which he wanders from one portion of the world to the other, while he brings these qualities to use; on the other hand, there is an utter freedom from the vanity of the naval hero, the possession of a calm spirit of self-denial, a patient magnanimity, a temperance and justice which may look for their parallel in WASHINGTON. Soldiers of fortune, who fight in all parts of the world, are the accepted favourites of the sex, cut off Turks' heads in single combat, choose the post of danger on all emergencies, are very rarely the men of wisdom in civil life, proportioned to their prowess in the field. They weary of patient toil. Force is generally their watch-word, and they are not scrupulous of means in their attainment of their ends. No such stains disfigure the character of the founder of Virginia. We find him always resolute, always brave, with that in his thoughts and bearing which KENT recognised in the countenance of his fallen master, "Authority!" but content even to yield to inferior men, and to suffer wrong rather than do any. SMITH, in a minor degree, met the fate of COLUMBUS, and, being the best man in the little community of navigators to Virginia, was loaded with chains as the worst; but this circumstance leaves no misanthropy upon his mind. The iron does not enter into his soul. When he is again free, he is

* From the Literary World.

simply the man he has been all along, acting naturally, spontaneously, indifferent to hate and fear. He is too conversant with mankind to be affected by treachery or weakness. His own virtues are not to be impressed by the mould of others' vices.

The better we are acquainted with Captain JOHN SMITH, the more clearly does he figure himself to us as one of the fine, old, heroic, English spirits of the days of ELIZABETH; a man to keep company with Sir WALTER RALEIGH, and illustrate in action the manliness and noble daring the poets and dramatists were putting into their verses. There is one peculiarity of the men of that age which never strikes us so forcibly in reading of any other. It is the completeness of character which they exhibit. They are wholly, not half, made up, morally and intellectually. They exhibit in themselves the perfect microcosm. Society was not then reduced to the dead level it has assumed in later times; it was freer, spontaneous, more varied. Its very insecurity tended to development. Few of its great men lacked opportunity of illustrating the cardinal virtues. The glory of undimmed prosperity in the magnificence of the court was succeeded by the gloom and privations of imprisonment. Few courtiers were there who did not undergo the discipline of the Tower. The scaffold and the axe came as a bold and glittering termination to the career of men, the spirit of whose lives would have been violated by the tame finale of the ordinary death-bed. Heroes gathered their robes about them, and bared their necks to the block with a jest, passing from this world to the next, in the robustness of their animal powers, their energy yet unbroken, as if the sick chamber were to be spurned as effeminate. They fought for great prizes, and failing, were willing to pay the consequence. One more turn of the wheel of fortune, and the heads of their judges would have been no safer than their own. The effect of this upon the spectators was doubtless favourable to the formation of habits of mind of a serious, earnest, solemn nature. Upon the great parties in the game it impressed the necessity of courage and endurance; it exhibited life not as end, but as means, a thing to be risked if a high prize was at stake. The language of Richard on the stage was the sentiment of many of the heroic personages among the spectators when he exclaims, "I have set my life upon a cast, and I will stand the hazard of the die."

The religious element is a striking characteristic of the mind of this Old England. People in those days did not seem to be ashamed of their religion. Papists and Protestants made no secret of their attachment to the cathedral or the conventicle. Witness the solemnity, the spirit of belief in the ecclesiastical scenes in the plays of SHAKESPEARE; his father confessors talk no cant, we never suspect them of hypocrisy, but every word they utter is the essence of those long ages of religious worship, which have sanctified the seat of St. PETER. They are sanctity itself. Again, the poets who sing of love in youth with an honest heartiness, beside which the strains of later bards are cold and barren, and put to the blush the etiquette of the modern drawing-room, have no fear, apparently, of being laughed at, when they celebrate a higher love in purer numbers. Read the lines to Julia of HERICK, and his Litany; the amatory and the religious poems of DONNE; the celebration of the human and divine in DRUMMOND. Why, with all the preaching of Protestantism, can divines at this day quote so much more from SHAKESPEARE than they can from SHERIDAN KNOWLES? Divinity can hardly get a scrap from BULWER; she may preach sermons out of BEN JONSON. The religious principles of the Puritans, it is well known, gave their first settlement in this country its strength and consistency. When SMITH went to Virginia, we read of good Parson HUNT in the company, and we have one striking scene preserved (others must have occurred daily), where the prayer and psalm arrested the attention of the savage Susquehannocks, who, catching the spirit of the time, followed up the rite by their own rude songs to the Indian Deity. SMITH, we read, never neglected the duties of religion. At sea or on shore, his daily command was prayer and praise. There was de-

votion, be it remembered, at Jamestown, as well as at Plymouth.

That the story of the Life of SMITH, as related by Mr. SIMMS, naturally leads to these and kindred reflections, is satisfactory evidence of the skill and ability of his narrative. It is a highly agreeable, instructive popular history, related with a fund of good-humour, which proceeds from a love of the subject, and an instinctive knowledge of the man, from sympathy with his chivalry and energy. In other respects, too, Mr. SIMMS is peculiarly qualified for this narrative. The novelist cuts down into an admirable historian, and long familiarity with the effective treatment of deeds of adventure, intimacy with the details and spirit of Indian life, a genuine Americanism which kindles with enthusiasm at every footprint of his hero on Virginian soil, would naturally claim this task for the author of *The Yemassee*.

The work grew, originally, we believe, out of a plan to publish the original chronicle and adventures of Smith, with a few notes. The inability of this course to satisfy the demand for a popular narrative was immediately felt, and for that purpose wisely abandoned. An edition of the original journals, from the hands of Mr. SIMMS, would still be welcome. In the present work he has given enough of the language of the straightforward old captain to beget in the reader a taste for more, and should he return to his plan he will meet the favour of the public.

The life of Smith should be too well known to American readers to need repetition here. Its peculiarities we have already hinted at. It is laden down with adventure, by sea and land, which would weary the invention of Scott or Cooper. It is filled with journeys, and battles, and love passages; scenes with Christians and Turks, captivity in Constantinople, and amateur visits to Morocco, plunder of Venitian spoils in the Adriatic, and sea-fights with Spain beyond the pillars of Hercules: then comes the exploration of the Western World, with narratives more wonderful, and fuller of interest to American ears, on the shores of Chesapeake than on the coast of the Bosphorus. The military expeditions and combats before Ragel pale before the interviews with Powhatan, and the presence of Pocahontas. We follow the fortunes of the infant colony with a breathless excitement, which listens to every footfall in the forest, which scans the countenance of every member of the little handful, and only gathers hope from the presence of the Great Captain. The interference of Pocahontas, the most perfect scene in the great drama of the settlement, is but one incident where heroism is the law of daily life. Yet, as it is the chief, we must present our readers with Mr. SIMMS's treatment of it:—

SMITH RESCUED BY POCAHONTAS.

The appearance of the captive before the king was welcomed by a shout from all the people. This does not appear to have been an outbreak of exultation. On the contrary, the disposition seems to have been to treat the prisoner with becoming gravity and consideration. A handsome young woman, the Queen of Apamattuck, is commanded to bring him water, in which to wash his hands. Another stands by with a bunch of feathers, a substitute for the towel, with which he dries them. Food is then put before him, and he is instructed to eat, while a long consultation takes place between the Emperor and his chief warriors as to what shall be done with the captive. In this question Smith is quite too deeply interested to give himself entirely to the repast before him. He keeps up a stout heart and a manly countenance; but, to employ some of the lines quoted by the quaint narrator whose statements he adopts,—

"Sure his heart was sad:
For who can pleasant be and rest,
That lives in feare and dread?"

The discussion results unfavourably. His judges decide against him. It is the policy of the savages to destroy him. He is their great enemy. He is the master spirit of the powerful and intrusive strangers. They have already discovered this. They have seen that by his will and energies, great courage and equal discretion, he has kept down the discontents, disarmed the rebellious, and strengthened the feeble among his brethren; and they have sagacity enough to understand how much more easy it will be, in the absence of this one adventurous warrior, to over-

throw and root out the white colony which he has planted. It is no brutal passion for blood and murder which prompts their resolution. It is a simple and clear policy, such as has distinguished the decision in like cases of far more civilized, and even Christian communities;—and the award of the council of Powhatan is instant death to the prisoner. He is soon apprised of their decision by their proceedings. Two great stones are brought into the assembly, and laid before the king. "Then as many as could lay hands on him, dragged him to them, and thereon layd his head." "Being ready with their clubs to beate out his braines," it was then that "Pocahontas, the King's dearest daughter," interposed for his safety. It seems that she first strove to move her father by entreaties, but finding these of no avail, she darted to the place of execution, and before she could be prevented, got the head of the captive in her arms, and laying her own upon it, in this way arrested the stroke of the executioner. And this was the action of a child ten years old! We may imagine the exquisite beauty of such a spectacle—the infantine grace, the feminine tenderness, the childish eagerness, mingled with uncertainty and fear, with which she maintained her hold upon the object of her concern and solicitude, until the wild and violent passion of her father had been appeased. This is all that comes to us of the strange, but exquisite dramatic spectacle. Few details are given us. The original narrators from whom we draw are cold and lifeless in their statements. Smith himself says little on the subject; and in the narrative already quoted—that of Watson—especially known as his, it is curious to note that the whole event is omitted, not even the slightest allusion being made to Pocahontas. But it is not denied that we may conceive for ourselves the beauty and the terror of this highly tragic scene. Imagination may depict the event in her most glowing colours. The poet and the painter will make it their own. They will shew us the sweet child of the forest clasping beneath her arm the head of the pale warrior, while the stroke of death, impending over both, awaits but the nod of the mighty chieftain, whose will is law in all that savage region. They will shew us first the rage and fury which fill his eyes as he finds himself baffled by his child, and then the softening indulgence with which he regards that pleading sweetness in her glance which has always had such power over his soul. "She was the king's dearest daughter:"—this is the language of the unaffected and simple chroniclers, and her entreaty prevails for the safety of the prisoner. Her embrace seems to have consecrated from harm the head of the savage intruder. The policy of her nation, their passion for revenge and blood, all yield to the potent humanity which speaks in the heart of that unbaptized daughter of the forest, and the prisoner is freed from his bonds and given to the damsel who has saved him. Henceforth he is her captive. This is the decree of Powhatan. He shall be spared to make her bells and her beads, and to weave into proper form her ornaments of copper.

As a favourable specimen of the good taste of the author's reflections, and the modesty with which he lets events, rather than words, tell the story, we may quote the few remarks on the settlement of Jamestown. Less, certainly, should not have been said.

JAMESTOWN.

Penetrating a spacious river, which the Indians called Powhatan, after their king, but which our no less loyal colonists subdued into the James, in honour of him from whom they had received so liberal a charter, and such admirable counsels,—the little fleet of Newport ascended for a space of forty miles from its mouth. Here they fastened their vessels, in six fathoms of water, to trees growing upon the shore, and, landing upon a peninsula on the north side of the river, they fixed upon it as the site of their future settlement. "A verie fit place," says Smith, "for the erecting of a great citie:" though it seems that there was some difference of opinion among the captains even on this subject; and subsequent experience seems to have proved the propriety of the doubt. But here, nevertheless, the majority so willing it, on the 13th day of May, 1607, the axe was buried in the trees, and the first shafts were hewn out for the foundation of the forest city of the Royal James,—henceforward to be called Jamestown. But the foundation of the city was a small and trivial event to that of the great nation which has yet grown from this small beginning: and he whose eye beholds now upon this memorable but neglected spot no trophy more significant than the rents of ruin in the arches of a single tower overgrown with ivy, and the rank forest growth which denotes the mound where sleep the bones of the early settlers, will scarcely be persuaded that he

beholds the obscure nest and birth-place, as lowly as that of the sea-fowl which leaves her eggs along the shore, of the great nation whose wing now spreads, or is fast spreading, over the whole vast continent of North America. Such is, nevertheless, the simple and the startling truth! One hundred and ten years have elapsed from the discovery of the country by Sebastian Cabot, and twenty-two years since Raleigh first attempted unsuccessfully its colonisation. From this memorable event the tree takes its root, in the future shade of which a mighty people are to find shelter, and in the fruits of which a thousand generations are to gather strength and sustenance. Verily, we may not look upon that ruin of a town, that low and lonely remnant of our royal hamlet, on the north side of the river Powhatan, with unconcern and indifference!

The narrative of Indian events is marked by a peculiar *bonhomie*, not without traces of the complacency, as is right and proper, of a superior civilization, yet with now and then a sly hit at the latter also. The author's advantages, in perfect familiarity here with his subject, are evident. He sports with the topic, abating naught of skill or learning.

POWHATAN A DIPLOMATIST.

At their next meeting, Powhatan, "with a solemn discourse," dismissed all his women and the ordinary attendants, suffering none to remain but his principal chiefs. He then referred to what Smith had hinted of their purpose to invade the Monacans, his enemies. He then informed them that he was not openly the enemy of this people; that there was peace between them; that he was not unwilling to do a little towards giving them trouble and discomfort. He would first send out his spies to see in what condition the Monacans stood; what was their strength and ability; and how far prepared against invasion. Politicians seem to be pretty much the same persons in all countries. Metternich and Talleyrand, Peel or Guizot, could not have declared themselves in more diplomatic language. "You and I," he said to Captain Newport, "cannot be seen in the business. We are great chiefs, and must stay at home. But Smith and Scrivener on your side, and Opechancanough and my two sons on mine, can manage all this business." This, if not the language of the old despot, was pretty much what he meant to say. We have quoted in our own terms the very substance of his speech. He added that the King of Pamaunee should have from him one hundred of his warriors, to commence the campaign. They should set forth as upon a hunting expedition, advising the English at what proper time to strike the blow. One hundred, or one hundred and fifty of the white soldiers, he judged would be sufficient for the exploit. For his own part, his desires for the spoils were moderate. He was content to have the women and the young children who were made captives. The men were to be slain.

POWHATAN A MERCHANT.

Three or four days were consumed, and not unpleasantly, in this sort of intercourse. Songs and speeches, feasting and dancing, with now and then a little traffic, admirably relieved the monotony of this state and diplomatic intercourse. In all this time, says our author, "Powhatan carried himself so proudly, yet discreetly (in his salvage manner), as made us all admire his natural gifts, considering his education." He himself scorned to trade as did his subjects. "It is not agreeable to my greatness," he said to Newport, "to traffic for trifles in this peddling manner. You, too, I esteem also as a great Werowance. (a) Therefore, lay me down all your commodities together. What I like I will take, and in recompense give you what I think their fitting value." Smith was the interpreter between the parties, and it speaks wonderfully for his great facility that so short an acquaintance with the Indians had enabled him to be so. He at once detected the cunning policy of Powhatan, admirably disguised in this majestic carriage, and he warned Newport that his purpose was only to cheat him of his goods. But Newport, not to be outbraved in this ostentation of magnificence, and thinking that he should effectually bewitch the Indian Emperor by his bounty, at once laid his stores before him as he had demanded. The issue was just what had been predicted. Powhatan took what he pleased; and, in bestowing his recompense in turn, valued his maize at such a price as to extort from our Captain the opinion that the article was to be had on better terms "even in Spaine." Instead of twenty hogheads, which the same were expected to produce, the stately monarch assigned the astounded Newport something less than four bushels. Newport

* Prince or chief.

could not conceal his chagrin. He had been effectually outwitted. His stores were exhausted, his supplies were yet to be procured, and the savage chieftain was as insatiate in his appetite as ever. The English captain lost his temper, and some unkindness followed between Smith and himself, in consequence, in all probability, of the reproaches of the latter. But our adventurer, who knew better the nature of the savage than Newport, had his revenge upon Powhatan. He contrived, without seeming to design it, to suffer various trifles, which were novelties, to glitter in the eyes of the voracious savage. Among these were certain blue beads, such as had never before been seen at Werowocomoco. These caught the fancy of our forest monarch. But Smith shook his head in denial. These were very precious jewels, "composed of a most rare substance, of the colour of the sky, and not to be worn but by the greatest kings of the world." The pride of Powhatan was piqued; his passions excited; and in due degree with the reluctance of Smith to sell, and the increase of his importunity to buy. The wary Captain played with his game at his leisure, until it "made him half madde to be the owner of the strange jewels:" and he succeeded finally in procuring a pound or two of them, but only at the expense of two or three hundred bushels of corn. Blue beads rose prodigiously in value. Opechancanough, one of the brothers of Powhatan, became the purchaser of a small supply at the same royal prices; and such, at length, became the estimation in which they were held, "that none durst wear any of them but their greater kings, their wives and children."

AN INDIAN IN LONDON.

The Indian thus given by Powhatan was intended to be sent to England. His private instructions from Powhatan were to report the strength in people of that country, and the wealth and magnitude thereof. In attempting this, at a subsequent period, the poor Indian procured himself a stick the moment he arrived in London, and a notch in the stick was made at every new face he met. But he soon gave up the task in despair; assuring Powhatan, on his return to Virginia, that the English were as numerous as the leaves on the tree, and the sands on the sea-shore.

Other passages crowd upon us, and other points for comment, but we have said enough to call attention to this new work, and start the reader on one or two profitable trains of inquiry. There is enough unique, and not yet found out, about this JOHN SMITH to reward investigation. Familiar as the name is, there is, after all but one JOHN SMITH.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A Treatise on the Esculent Funguses of England.

By C. D. BADHAM, M.D. London, 1847. DR. BADHAM considers that we do not make the best use of the vast tribe of vegetables which fall under the general denomination of Funguses. We venture to eat but a few of them, and have some vague notions that all we are not accustomed to eat are poisonous. But he says, that it is not so. Many kinds, which we reject, are not only wholesome but delicious. Even from the productions of our own country a valuable addition might be made to the luxuries of the table. The Doctor's purpose in this treatise is to describe the various kinds of funguses found in our island, to ascertain what of them are really fit for food, and to exhibit the external signs by which the wholesome may be known from the poisonous. How large is the family of funguses will appear from this fact:—

Merely catalogued and described, there are sufficient to fill an octavo volume of nearly 400 pages of close print, of British species alone; altogether, there cannot be less than 5,000 recognised species, at present known, and each year adds new ones to the list. The reader's surprise at this will somewhat diminish, when he considers, that not only the toadstools which beset his walks, whether growing upon the ground, or at the roots of trees, belong to this class, but that the immense hordes of parasites, which feed at his expense, and foul, like the Harpies, whatever they may not actually consume, belong to it also.

For the single mushroom that we eat, how many hundreds there be that retaliate and prey upon us in return! To enumerate but a few, and these of the microscopic kinds (on the other side are some which the arms can scarcely embrace); the *Mucor Mucedo*, that spawns upon our dried preserves; the *Ascochiza Mucedo*, that makes our bread mouldy (*mucida frustra farina*); the *Uredo segetum*, that burns Ceres out of her own corn fields; the *Uredo rubigo*, whose rust is still more destructive; and the *Puccinia graminis*, whose voracity sets corn-laws and farmers at defiance, are all funguses! So is the grey *Monilia*, that rots, and then fattens upon, our fruits; and the *Mucor herbicorum*, that destroys the careful gleanings of the pains-taking botanist. When our beer becomes mothery, the mother of that mischief is a fungus. If pickles acquire a bad taste, if ketchup turns ropy and putrefies, funguses have a finger in it all! Their reign stops not here; they prey upon each other; they even select their victims! There is the *Myrothecium viride*, which will only grow upon dry *Agarics*, preferring, chiefly, for this purpose, the *A. adustus*. The *Mucor chrysospermus*, which attacks the flesh of a particular *Boletus*; the *Sclerotium cornutum*, which visits some other moist mushroom in decay. There are some *Xylomas* that will spot the leaves of the maple, and some those of the willow exclusively. The naked seeds of some are found burrowing between the opposite surfaces of leaves; some love the neighbourhood of burnt stubble and charred wood; some visit the sculptor in his studio, growing up amidst the heaps of moistened marble dust that have caked and consolidated under his saw. The *Racodium* of the low cellar festoons its ceiling, shags its walls, and wraps its thick coat round our wine casks, keeping our oldest wine in closest bond; while the *Geastrum*, aspiring occasionally to leave this earth, has been found suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, between it and the stars, on the very highest pinnacle of St. Paul's. The close cavities of nuts occasionally afford concealment to some species; others, like leeches, stick to the bulbs of plants and suck them dry; these (the architect's and ship-builder's bane) pick timber to pieces as men pick oakum; nor do they confine their selective ravages to plants alone; they attach themselves to animal structures and destroy animal life; the *Oxygena equina* has a particular fancy for the hoofs of horses and for the horns of cattle, sticking to these alone; the belly of a tropical fly is liable in autumn to break out into vegetable tufts of fungous growth; and the caterpillar to carry about on his body a *Clavaria* larger than himself. The disease called Muscadine, which destroys so many silk-worms, is also a fungus (*Botrytis Bassiana*), which in a very short time completely fills the worm with filaments very unlike those it is in the habit of secreting.

These copious products of nature are not useless to man. Besides their main purpose, which is to aid the transition of matter from organic to inorganic existence, they are extensively employed for the purposes of man. Some are employed for dyeing, some form timber; another makes ink.

The "cailou" is now obsolete, but the *Amadou* is still in vogue, being employed for many household purposes; in addition to which a medical practitioner of Covent Garden has, of late, been in the habit of using extensive sheets of it to cover over and protect the backs of those bedridden invalids, whose cruel sufferings make such large demands upon our sympathy, for the alleviation of which so little is to be done! As it is more elastic than chamois-leather, it is less liable to crumple up when lain upon, and on this account has been preferred to it by several of our metropolitan surgeons of eminence; some employ it also as a gentle compress over varicose veins, where it supports the distended vessels without pressing too tightly upon the limb. Gleditsch relates, that the poorer inhabitants of Franconia stitch it together, and make dresses of it; and also that the Laplanders burn it in the neighbourhood of their dwellings, to secure their reindeer from the attacks of gad-flies, which are

repelled by the smoke; thus, "good at need," it really deserves the epithet of "puissant" given to it by Delille. The *Polyporus squamosus* makes a razor-strop far superior to any of those at present patented, and sold with high-sounding epithets, far beyond their deserts. To prepare the *Polyporus* for this purpose, it must be cut from the ash-tree in autumn, when its juices have been dried, and its substance has become consolidated; it is then flattened out for twenty-four hours, in a press, after which it should be carefully rubbed with pumice, sliced longitudinally, and every slip that is free from the erosions of insects be then glued upon a wooden stretcher. Cesalpinus knew all this; and the barbers in his time knew it too; and it is not a little remarkable that so useful an invention should, in an age of puffing, advertisement, and improvement, like our own, have been entirely lost sight of.

We will not attempt to perplex our readers by the very delicate differences which the author points out as indicating the wholesome and the poisonous. It would be unsafe to trust to them, and therefore they had better not be placed in the hands of the general public, lest, in reliance upon them, some may be tempted to test their knowledge. But conception of the difficulty of selection will be formed from this, that we are directed "never to eat any that smell sickly or poisonous;" many that have "no smell will poison notwithstanding;" "those that yield spiced milk, of whatever colour, should be held, not withstanding exceptions, in suspicion, as an unsafe dairy to deal with." "Till intimacy has made us familiar with the exceptions, we should avoid all those the flesh of which is livid, that, chameleon-like, assume a variety of hues on being broken or bruised. The external colour furnishes no certain information, with the single exception of that of the gills, in one or two agarics, by which to know the good from the bad."

Thus the *Boule de neige*, and the *Vernal Amanite*, are both white, but the dress in one case is of innocence, in the other of mere hypocrisy; again the green, which we are so cautioned to avoid in this class of plants as choleric and unhealthy, and which is of such bad augury in *Amanita viridis*, is quite the contrary in the *Verdetta* (*A. virescens*). So that to be led only by colour would certainly be to be misled, a mistake which, in the family of the *Russula*, might readily compromise life. Some mycologists recommend, with certain exceptions, the avoidance of such Agarics as have lateral stalks, of such as are pectinate (i.e. have equal gills like a comb), of such as have little flesh in proportion to the depth of their gills, and generally of all those that are past their prime. Some warn us not to eat after the snail, as we are in the habit of doing in our gardens after the wasp; we may trust it seems to him to point out the best greengages, but not to the slug to select our mushrooms for us. Finally, it has been very currently affirmed, though I think without sufficient warrant, that all such funguses as run rapidly into deliquescence ought to be avoided as dangerous. Here, while it might be unsafe to lay down any positive rule beyond one's own experience, this, so far as it goes, would rather lead me to a different inference; and even the reader will ask, "Does not the mushroom deliquesce, and is not ketchup, that poignant liquor made from boiled mushrooms mixed with salt, to which we are all so partial, this very deliquescence?" But, besides this, the *Ag. comatus*, which is highly deliquescent, is largely eaten about Lucca; the *Ag. atramentarius* also is, on our own authority, *periculo ventris nostri*, as good for ketchup as for that purpose to which its juices are commonly put, viz.—for making ink; thus amongst deliquescent Agarics, there are some the juices of which are both safe and savoury, perhaps of more than those here recorded; but as I have not hitherto myself made trial of any others, and as there are some dangerous species mixed up with this group, the public cannot be too much cautioned against making any rash

experiment, where the consequences of a mistake might be so serious. Some trees give origin by preference to good, others to deleterious species; thus, the hazel-nut, the black and perhaps the white poplar, together with the fig-tree, grow only good sorts; whereas the olive has been famous since the days of Nincander for none but poisonous species.

"The rank in smell, and those of livid show,
All that at roots of Oak or Olive grow,
Touch not! But those upon the fig-tree's rind
Securely pluck—a safe and savoury kind!"

The elm, the alder, the larch, the beech, and some other trees, seem capable of supporting both good and bad species at their roots; hence it is not safe to trust implicitly to the tree to determine the wholesomeness or unwholesomeness of the fungus that grows out of it, or in its neighbourhood. The presence of a free acid is by no means conclusive either way, there being many species of both good and bad which will indifferently turn litmus paper red. The old and very general practice adopted by cooks of dressing funguses with a silver spoon (which is supposed to become tarnished, then only when their juices are of a deleterious quality), is an error which cannot be too generally known and exposed, as many lives, especially on the Continent, have been and still are sacrificed to it annually. In some cases, the kitchen fire will extract the deleterious property from funguses, which it would have been unsafe to eat raw—and frequently the acrid lactescent kinds change their nature entirely and become mild by cooking; in other cases, the virus is drawn out by saturating the fungus, some time before dressing it, either in vinegar or brine, the liquid then containing the poison which was originally in the plant; but in other species, as in *Ag. emeticus*, it would seem from the experiments of M. Krapf, of Vienna, upon living animals, that it is to be extracted neither by ebullition nor desiccation.

They who gather mushrooms for the table ought to be educated for the work, and taught the different species, and their differences of aspect—"some of them form so excellent and delicate a food, whilst others produce such deleterious effects on the economy."

The number of esculent species in England is about forty. The most abundant is the *Prunulus*, of which Dr. BADHAM remarks:—

The greatest size I have known the *Prunulus* attain has been in England, where I have picked specimens measuring six inches across, and weighing between four and five ounces. As to the fecundity of this fungus, I collected this spring from a single ring, on the War-Mount at Keston (Kent), from ten to twelve pounds, and in the one field from twenty to twenty-five pounds. In this neighbourhood they are generally destroyed, as injurious to his grass-crops, by the over-careful farmer, quite ignorant, of course, of their value; to which the following extract from a letter of Professor Balbi to Persoon bears testimony:—"This rare and most delicious Agaric—the *Mouceron* of Bulliard, and the *Ag. prunulus* of other authors—abounds on the hills above the valley of Stafora, near Bobbio, where it is called *Spinaroli*, and is in great request. The country people eat it fresh in a variety of ways, or they dry and sell it for from twelve to sixteen francs a pound." Vittadini says, truly enough, that the fresh is better than the dried *Prunulus*, the substance of the latter being rather coriaceous, but the gravy prepared from it in this state, being very rich and well-flavoured, is largely used by those who reject the body of the mushroom. Three or four thrown into a pot of the lighter broths or of beef-tea render them more savoury. To dry the *Prunulus* it is usual to cut it into four or more pieces, which are exposed for some days to a dry air, and then threaded. It acquires an aroma by the process, and communicates this to any dish of which it is afterwards an ingredient. It would be extremely difficult to confound this Agaric with any other; its mode of growth in circles, the extreme narrowness of its gills, which are moreover striate, the thickness of its pileus, and the bulging character

of its stalk, would render a mistake almost impossible, even did it grow in autumn, when other funguses abound, in place of appearing only in spring, when few species comparatively occur. The best mode of cooking the *Ag. prunulus* is either in a mince or to fricasee it with any sort of meat, or in a *vol-au-vent*, the flavour of which it greatly improves; or simply prepared with salt, pepper, and a small piece of bacon, lard, or butter, to prevent burning, it constitutes of itself a most excellent dish. It has the great advantage of appearing in spring, at a season the common mushroom never occurs. I have placed it first in the series of plates, as being the most savoury fungus with which I am acquainted.

One of the best of the mushrooms for the table is the puff-ball, but it needs care in the cooking.

No fungus requires to be eaten so soon after gathering as this; a few hours will destroy the compactness of the flesh, and change its colour from delicate white to dirty yellow; but when perfectly fresh and properly prepared, it yields to no other in digestibility. It may be dressed in many ways, but the best method is to cut it into slices and fry these in egg and bread crumbs; so prepared, it has the flavour of a rich, light omelette.

It is a curious fact that in Rome, where mushrooms are held in great esteem, and made the subject of official inspection in the markets,—

Whilst many hundred baskets of what we call toadstools are carried home for the table, almost the only one condemned to be thrown into the Tiber, by the inspector of the fungus market, is our own mushroom. Indeed, in such dread is this held in the Papal states, that no one knowingly would touch it.

They who desire a familiar acquaintance with the natural history of the Fungus will find the subject more copiously treated in this volume than in any other work in our own—or, we believe, any European—language.

DECORATIVE ART.

DECORATIVE ART UNION.

ENCOURAGED by the interest which this proposition has excited in every part of the country, we lose no time in commencing the work of its formation; and among the advertisements of to-day will be found a formal prospectus of it. A few explanations here may not be unacceptable.

The details of the plan are, of course, open to improvement, as experience may suggest: it is to the outline only that the support of the public is requested.

The recent statute relating to Art Unions requires that they should be incorporated by Royal Charter.

The DECORATIVE ART UNION is so obviously important to the manufactures and commerce of the country—it has so much of manifest utility about it—that there can be no doubt of its readily obtaining the sanction of the Crown. But before this can be asked, it will be necessary to produce a list of subscribers sufficient to justify the application, by giving an assurance of success.

The first step is to procure such a list.

As in all matters that are in project merely, and not in actual existence, the public are very properly wary of subscribing without some recognised responsibility for their *bona fides*, it has been deemed the most correct and satisfactory course for THE CRITIC, as an established and responsible journal, to pledge its character to the Prospectus, and thereby to give to those who desire to patronise the design an assurance that they may with confidence proffer their immediate support to it, as being no adventurers' scheme, but a design deliberately framed and put forth as of great national interest and importance by a public journal with public views alone.

The reader will therefore be pleased to understand that the Prospectus of the DECORATIVE ART UNION goes forth, not anonymously, but with the responsibility of THE CRITIC for its good faith. To those who have been long acquainted with THE CRITIC that will, we are sure, be a sufficient assurance; of strangers we can ask only that they will inquire anywhere in London what are the connections of THE CRITIC, and they will receive ample satisfaction.

These preliminary precautions are required, because the confidence of the public in the first instance is necessary to the formation of the DECORATIVE ART UNION. As we have stated, it must be incorporated by Royal Charter; to obtain that, it must produce a list of subscribers sufficient to assure the Queen that it has the support requisite to success. The names of subscribers must therefore be given to us before anything can be done, and for that purpose we must ask the confidence of the public to become subscribers in this stage of the society, because, without subscribers obtained now, it cannot be formed at all.

We therefore ask all who approve the design of the DECORATIVE ART UNION, and purpose to support it, to transmit us without delay an authority to place their names in the list of subscribers for the first year the subscription not to exceed half a guinea. And as many who feel an interest in it will no doubt be guided by what others do, we propose to publish in THE CRITIC, from week to week, the subscribers received during the interval, with all other information as to its progress.

We do not deem it necessary that the subscription, or even any part of it, should be paid until the Society is actually established. But as some expenses will be unavoidable in the early stages, it is left to the option of each to transmit such portion of it, from one shilling upwards, which he may be willing to advance, and which will be placed to his credit as in part payment of the subscription. But this is not intended to be a condition; the subscriber unwilling to pay anything in its present stage is yet requested to forward his name.

We commence the list of subscribers with an honoured name:—

John Hardy, esq. Thrybergh-park, Rotherham.

The Tradesman's Book of Ornamental Designs. Part VI.

THE present part is an attractive and very useful one. The first is a specimen of interior decoration in the French style. It is somewhat too pictorial to please English tastes at present, and it would require to be executed by first-rate artists; but in itself it is extremely beautiful, and we have no doubt the time will come when even such decorations will be fashionable. The others are patterns of Moorish and Flemish ornaments, of a perforated Grecian rail, and of Gothic trellis-work,—the latter very graceful.

ART.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

MR. BEHNES has just erected in the south transept of St. Paul's a statue of Major-General Sir John Thomas Jones, of the Royal Engineers, a distinguished officer in the Peninsular war, and known to civilians as well as military men by his work on the *Sieges in Spain*.—Mr. William Wilkie Collins has nearly completed the "Life" of his father, the late Mr. William Collins, R.A. The work will form an octavo volume. The letters are numerous, and the journals both full and particular.—Another promised contribution to biographies of British Artists is Mrs. Haydon's life of her husband, the late Mr. B. R. Haydon.—The National Gallery re-opened on Monday last; and was very fully attended: partly in expectation of seeing Mr. W. Wells's "Guido"—and partly in the belief that some of the pictures had been cleaned in the vacation, and differently distributed throughout the rooms. The "Guido," however, had not

arrived,—the cleaning system had been discontinued,—and the hanging arrangement was in every respect the same.—A new *Descriptive and Historical Catalogue of the Pictures in the National Gallery*, has just been printed at the expense of Government. It is the work of Mr. Ralph N. Wornum, and has been "revised," as the title-page informs us, "by C. L. Eastlake, R.A." A cheap and concise, and yet an ample descriptive catalogue of the gallery has long been a real want,—a want in some measure supplied by Mr. Wornum's work, which seems conscientiously and carefully compiled, and though an octavo volume of 215 pages, is to be sold, we understand, at the low price of one shilling. The arrangement is in the alphabetical order of the artists' names, and of every painter there is a short biography, always useful, and to the uninformed absolutely indispensable for the due appreciation of certain works the merit of which depends in a great measure on the time and circumstances of their production. Mr. Wornum leaves the spectator to judge of the merits of the several pictures for himself—not unwisely we think; though the real utility of the work would be considerably increased by the introduction of particular opinions, expressed in writing, by persons competent to sit in judgment on the merits of the pictures.

Seven Designs in Outline, reduced from Cartoons submitted in competition for the Premiums of 500l. offered by the Society for an Historical Picture. 1847. Art Union Society.

PURSuing its purpose lately adopted, of becoming something more than a mere lottery for pictures, the Art Union offered a prize of 500l. for the best historical picture. Twenty-eight competitors appeared: the successful one was Mr. SELOUS, whose cartoon of *Queen Philippa interceding for the Lives of the Burgesses of Calais*, appears to have received the unanimous suffrages of the public. It is now in progress of painting, and it is to be engraved as one of the Art Union prints.

But there were other cartoons of extraordinary merit. Seven of these the council selected for engraving in outline; and they are now before us.

[The first is entitled *Non Angli sed Angeli*,—the memorable observation of Pope GREGORY on seeing some young British slaves. The composition is very clever. Although the figures are numerous, they are helping to tell the story. The captives the purchase of whose freedom has just been completed, and whose price the agent of the good Pope is paying to the merchant, are prettily grouped, the terrified sister shrinking into the arms of her manly but sorrowful brother. The fruit-woman beckoning to the children is the best drawn figure. The Pope is a little too tall, and the two children not quite childish enough. These are the only defects we have noted. The design is by Mr. GEORGE SCHARF, jun. and it is well engraved by E. WEBB.

But we prefer the second, as more entirely original. It is entitled *Saxon Almsgiving*, and is from the pencil of Mr. SCOTT. It represents the exterior of a thane's house; the lady is distributing provisions to an eager crowd gathered about her. The beggars are a trifle too brawny, and the mistress too tall; but her maids are delicately drawn, and the mother in the background is a sweet sketch.

The third is by Mr. SALTER: the subject *Alfred, surrounded by his Family, addressing his Son and Successor, Edward*. This design is remarkable for its simplicity. The old king is a fine majestic figure,—an impersonation even of one's most romantic idea of him. The expression of profound sorrow in the faces of the family is powerfully presented by the painter, and cleverly preserved by the engraver.

Next we have *The Seizure of Roger Mortimer by Edward III. in Nottingham Castle*. Mr. PATON occupies his foreground with a single but most artistic group, all in violent action, struggling with the prisoner; and sentiment is sought to be given to that which would be otherwise a mere display of strained muscles by the interposition of the prisoner's wife, who throws herself among the soldiers, and tries vainly to assist her lord. The fallen war-

riors around shew the desperation with which the earl and his followers had fought for their liberty.

The fifth is *The Welcome of the Boy-King Henry VI. into London*. It is much too crowded for outline. However colour may have brought out the numerous groups, they are here almost undistinguished. It is a confused mass of mere lines. It would probably make an effective painting, but it was a mistake to engrave it in outline.

Spenser reading the Faerie Queen, by Mr. CLAXTON, is remarkable for the extreme ease of the listening figure lolling in his arm chair. The accessories are admirable.

We like the last the least: *Howard visiting an Asiatic Prison*, by ARMITAGE. There is in it great power; but it is extremely painful. It displays some excellent drawing.

The Art Union Monthly Journal for November opens with an exquisite engraving from a delicious picture by BRAIN, in the possession of the editor, "Come unto these Yellow Sands," which breathes the very spirit of the fairy mythology. Besides this, there are portraits of DUNCAN and MACULLOCH, and numerous charming woodcuts illustrating Mrs. HALL's pretty Irish tale entitled "Midsummer Eve," and exhibiting the progress of Decorative Art, in a notice of the recent exhibition at Brussels. We may state here, that the objects engraved are precisely such as those to which we purpose to apply the funds of the Decorative Art Union. They consist of goblets, vases, centre-pieces, carved and inlaid cabinets, chairs, inlaid woods, beautifully modelled grates, and such like articles, which are intended to combine the ornamental with the useful. The literary portion of the Art Union consists of papers on "The Vernon Gallery," "Art on the Continent," "Gothic Architecture," and so forth, with a copious gathering of all kinds of intelligence relating to Art and Artists.

The Last Embrace. Painted by T. UWINS, R.A. Engraved by C. ROLLS.

The Neapolitan Wedding. Painted by T. UWINS, R.A. Engraved by F. A. HEATH.

BOTH of these are presentations by the Art Union to its subscribers. *The Last Embrace* has one great fault—it wants expression. For aught that any face betokens, there is no parting; all are as placid as the nun who is about to leave them for the cloister. Such a group should have been agonized, or at least sorrowful; but these might have been sitting for their portraits, so imperturbable are they.

The other is better, but still the same pervading fault. It is a collection of prettily dressed puppets, not a transcript of real life. The only face that shews any feeling is the girl with the flowers, and hers is not sentiment but convulsion.

Why is it that the Art Union is almost always unfortunate in its choice of subjects for its engravings? Surely after so many years' experience they might have learned the cause of this universally acknowledged failure and avoided it. But here it is again as palpable as ever.

Atlas to Alison's History of Europe. Part VII. contains maps of the battles of St. Vincent, Marengo, Hohenlinden, Alexandria, and Auerstadt. It is a necessary companion, not merely to *Alison's History*, but to all histories of modern Europe.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL CHIT-CHAT.

MADAME DORUS GRAS is engaged by Monsieur Jullien for Drury-lane. This splendid vocalist will indeed be a great acquisition to the operatic corps of the New Academy.—Mr. H. C. Cooper, of Bristol, has been engaged by Mr. Balfe, conductor at Her Majesty's Theatre, in consequence of the skill evinced by him in playing some solos on the occasion of Jenny Lind's recent visit to the West of England.—Mdlle. Alboni has excited a pro-

digious sensation in Paris; though, as she has only sung at concerts, her dramatic talent has not been displayed. The Parisian journalists mingle with their high-flown but not undeserved eulogies, many idle stories about the "life and conversation" of the fair vocalist. We are told, for example, that (as has been said of George Sand, *alias* Madame Dudevant) she is in the habit of going about in male attire; that she sometimes amuses herself by calling upon a theatrical manager, in masculine costume, with a cigar in her mouth, and announcing herself as the brother of the young singer with whom he is in treaty; that in Germany she used to frequent beer-houses, drinking and smoking with the university students, and so forth; for all which the poor girl is no doubt entirely indebted to her tall and stout figure and deep-toned voice, her ease and spirit in the representation of male characters on the stage, and her frank and lively temper. There is a talk of her appearing at the *Académie Royale*, but this seems unlikely, especially as she is positively engaged for next season at Covent-garden.—Miss Birch is preparing to make her *début* at the Grand Opera in Paris, in the character of *Mathilde*, in *Guillaume Tell*.—Madame Parepa, who is creating a *furor* in the principal Italian theatres, is the sister of Mr. W. H. Seguin.—Madame Learti (late Miss Susan Hobbs) and Miss Eliza Birch are pursuing their studies at Paris under Signor Emanuel Garcia, the favourite vocal teacher of the day, who was the instructor of Mlle. Lind.

The Flowers of Irish Melody: a Selection of Popular Irish Songs; the Music by Eminent Composers. Belfast: Henderson.

THE melodies of Ireland are remarkable for the profound sentiment they express, whether of pathos or of humour; for this reason they are always popular—they go right to the heart of the listener. A cheap volume like this, which gives the choicest of them, cannot fail to be acceptable.

Caldwell's Musical Journal. Part V.

WE have already observed that the defect of this periodical is, that it prefers second-rate or third-rate original compositions to selections from the great masters. In quantity it is sufficiently cheap,—pity that it does not aim to be equally acceptable in quality.

The Musical Bouquet, edited by GEORGE J. O. ALLMAN, Part XLI. contains a song from ROSSINI, a polka by HENRIOT, and an air from LUCREZIA BORGIA. Would it not be as well to omit the illustrations, and give four additional pages of music instead? It would cost less and please more.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

SONNET:—DOVER IN OCTOBER.

I gaze untiringly, at morn, or noon,
Or eve,—or when dark midnight, bright with stars,
Invests all Nature with a spectral grace,—
Upon the scene before me. Doves! thou
Art rich in landscape; beauty's bounteous boon
Hath made thee wondrous fair! Like glittering spars
Thy white cliffs in the sunshine play—no space
Without its variable tint, as now
OCTOBER paints green leaves with red and amber;
And convoluted clouds float overhead
In many a form fantastic—hiding showers
That soon will fall. Lo! where yon urchins clamber
The upward heights, plucking from its chalk bed
The last wan scabious, 'neath yon bush that cowers!
1847. CALDER CAMPBELL.

NECROLOGY.

MR. WATSON, THE SCULPTOR.

MR. M. L. WATSON, the sculptor, died on Thursday the 28th of October, at his studio, in Bidborough-street, Burton-crescent. He was a young and a rising artist, though hardly known (for he seldom exhibited) beyond the few real patrons of art and the studios of the London sculptors. He began life in a very humble way, and worked for very small wages in the studios of Chantrey, Westmacott, Bailey, and Behnes, where, however, he saved sufficient to carry him to Italy, and to keep him there while he dedi-

cated his time to the study of the antique. His art engrossed the whole of his attention: he thought, worked, modelled, and talked of nothing but his art—basing his criticisms on acknowledged foundations, and talking not as too many artists are accustomed to talk, in a wild rapture about every thing which chance to hit their fancies for the moment. Flaxman was his favourite sculptor, and how deeply he had studied his works and the sources from which he drew his inspiration, his beautiful bas-reliefs of "Dante and Beatrice," and "Sleep and Death bearing off the body of Sarpedon," are admirable instances. One of his first works was the bas-relief on Mr. Moxhay's Hall of Commerce (a hurried performance, though clever), and among his most recent productions a figure of "Literature," part of a monument to the memory of Allan Cunningham, and the bas-relief of "Iris" and "Hebe," for Mr. Barry's new gates at Bowdoin, the seat of the Marquis of Lansdowne. While working at Chantrey's, his skill in modelling and fine poetic feeling for all that is beautiful in art attracted the attention of Allan Cunningham, and induced him, on the death of Sir Francis Chantrey, to recommend him to Lord Eldon as the artist to be employed on the twin colossal statues of Lord Eldon and Stowell for the ante-chapel of New College, Oxford. That the recommendation was a wise one no other testimony is needed than the two noble statues fast rising from the marble, and the general approbation they have obtained from the artists and critics invited to view them. Another of his recent works (unhappily unfinished) was a statue of Flaxman—perhaps the best statue in the Chantrey style since Chantrey's death. The frail figure and fine face and head of the great sculptor are capitally rendered, the action easy, and the modelling throughout of a most careful character. This was a subscription statue, started by several noblemen and gentlemen, who subscribed largely among themselves, and lent their names to further a public subscription for making the plaster model a permanent statue in marble to the memory of Flaxman. The well-known names of Mr. Rogers, the poet; Mr. Hallam, the historian; Mr. Eastlake, the painter; Mr. Gibson, the sculptor; and Mr. Barry, the architect, appearing among the subscribers gave a reputation to the artist, and induced the government to select him as one of four to supply the battle bas-reliefs for the Nelson Monument. The battle of St. Vincent fell to Mr. Watson's share, and the sketch which he sent in was approved by Lord Lincoln, then at the head of the Woods and Forests; but such has been the delay occasioned by the change of government, that little has since been done to advance the work. Mr. Watson's death will occasion a further delay, nor will it be easy to find an artist to supply the same poetic feeling which he always brought to bear upon everything he touched.—*Daily News.*

JOSHUA CRISTALL.

JOSHUA CRISTALL, formerly President of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, of which institution he was one of the originators, died at his house, St. John's-wood, on Monday the 18th inst. in the 80th year of his age. By Mr. Cristall's death we lose an artist whose works are unrivalled in his line, as he was singularly successful in the union of figures with landscape, which he delighted in combining in classical and poetical subjects. He loved his art, and the constant study he bestowed upon it, added to the experience gained in the course of a long life, gave a completeness of intention to every part of his works, which afford a fine example and lesson to the more modern school, often rather dependant upon mechanical dexterity and showy effect, dazzling the eye but failing to satisfy the mind. In private life, Mr. Cristall's manners were particularly agreeable, exhibiting on all occasions a well regulated and cultivated mind; and as a critic, although his own productions have a peculiar and definite style, he was always ready to find talent in the works of others, and his criticisms possessed the rare merit of sincerity combined with that kindness of tone which shewed that his excellent judgment was exercised to benefit others and not for the display of individual superiority.—*Literary Gazette.*

COUNT BJORNSTJERNA.

So long the respected Swedish Ambassador, born at Dresden in October 1779, died at Stockholm on the 9th, having been struck with apoplexy in the street. Count Bjornstjerna was present in most of the wars in Finland, and likewise in the defensive war of Germany, when he gave proofs of great personal bravery. In 1828 he was appointed Ambassador to the Court of Great Britain, which post he occupied for eighteen

years. Last year he requested permission to retire from this position, and shortly before his death was appointed by the King Speaker of the Delegates of the Army, who are now assembled at Stockholm. To our literary page, however, he is chiefly recommended as the author of several publications which are much esteemed in Sweden, and which relate to the constitutional and representative institutions of that kingdom, to its finances, &c. He likewise wrote several works on India, which are much valued on account of his extreme accuracy, his comprehensive view of the British empire in India, its strength, its organization, the character of its Government, its military force, &c. Count Bjornstjerna's own reflections and views are characterised by the foresight of the statesman, and the sagacity of the military man. His *British Empire in the East*, which he published in the Swedish language in 1838, was translated into English by our friend, the late Mr. Hannibal Evans Lloyd, who assisted in furnishing the author with many important data. It was very favourably reviewed in the *Literary Gazette*, which procured for us the interesting correspondence of the author, from which we added many important particulars respecting India to the information previously contained in our columns.—*Literary Gazette.*

JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, &c.

METROPOLITAN SEWAGE MANURE COMPANY.

THE communications that come to us from all parts of the country, containing suggestions and seeking further information,—the preparations now in progress to apply the principle of the Metropolitan Company to some of the provincial towns, and the wide and deep interest which the subject is exciting, has caused THE CRITIC, by whom it was first minutely explained, to be looked upon as the public organ of all who concern themselves about this great national question; and we are not unwilling to accept the post, and to be the channel of communication for the various parties who are about to enter upon the practical carrying out of the plan in different parts of the United Kingdom. It will be our endeavour to render every possible assistance to all of them, and we have peculiar facilities for forwarding their objects. It is a great national affair, and as such it ought to be treated.

We continue, therefore, to report the progress of the parent company, as we shall be happy to do with those of its progeny.

The half-yearly general meeting of the shareholders of the Metropolitan Sewage Manure Company was held at the Offices of the Company, 7, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall, on Tuesday. The report of the directors was most gratifying. We present its most interesting passages:—

It commenced by stating, "That the directors, on this occasion of meeting the proprietors for the purpose of rendering an account of their proceedings in execution of the trust reposed in them, desired to present such a statement as they deemed best calculated to lead to a correct estimate of the actual position and prospects of the undertaking. The Amendment Act, for which the proprietors at the general meeting held in February last authorised an application to Parliament, had received the royal assent on the 21st of June last, and the directors had since given their most anxious and most diligent consideration to the best manner in which the objects of the company could be carried out for the benefit of the shareholders. After a most rigid and careful revision of the original estimates (which they had been enabled considerably to reduce) it was deemed desirable to make the needful preliminary arrangements for proceeding to active operations. The engineers were now taking the necessary steps for commencing the works—the twenty-eight days' notice required by the Act had been given to the commissioners of sewers, and the directors were in other respects exerting themselves to carry out the works of the company with as much vigour and activity as a due regard to the interests of the shareholders would allow, and with the very confident expectation that in the course of next summer the works would be in such a state of forwardness as to enable the company to commence the distribution of the sewage. With this view it had been determined, in the first instance, to complete that portion of the works immediately in the vicinity of the station at Stanley-bridge, so as to be enabled to afford an early supply of sewage to the adjacent gardening and meadow districts of Fulham and its

neighbourhood, and thus insure with the least outlay the earliest return; and the directors, in the report, further stated, that they would be enabled to complete this portion of the works without calling for more than one half of the present subscribed capital." The report went on to state "that the prospects of the company were of the most encouraging kind—that every inquiry demonstrated that the estimates which had already been given out to the public had been greatly overrated—that the market-gardeners and farmers in the vicinity of the proposed works were unanimous in the expression of their ardent wishes for the commencement of the operations, and offers had already been made to enter into twenty-one years' agreements for a supply of liquid manure to very considerable tracts of ground." The report further informed the proprietors "that an intimation had a short time since been given to the directors of the successful application of liquid manure in the neighbourhood of Manchester, by a company termed 'The Manchester Liquid Manure Irrigation Company,' and that the directors had therefore thought it advisable to depute two of their body (Dr. Guy and Mr. F. Sherborn) to proceed to Manchester, to investigate the mode of procedure, the machinery used, and the actual results (commercial as well as agricultural), in reference especially to the objects of this company. That deputation had presented a report, which had been printed and circulated among the proprietors—a report which was of a highly satisfactory character—which contained much valuable matter, and which was conclusive as to the soundness of the basis on which this company had been established." The directors added, "that, in proceeding with the preliminary arrangements, they regretted that the multifarious duties and full avocations, in a distant part of the United Kingdom, of Mr. Smith, of Deansboro, the consulting agricultural engineer, had entirely deprived them of the counsel and co-operation of that gentleman; but they felt assured the proprietors and the public would feel every confidence in the execution of the works by the eminent engineer, Mr. Myne. But, although the professional avocations of Mr. Smith required his constant presence in another part of the country, the directors were unwilling to lose his connection with the company, and therefore they thought it desirable to offer him the appointment of consulting agricultural engineer, to be paid for such services as should be required of him." With respect to the monetary position of the company, the report stated that the directors announced them with feelings of great satisfaction; and they said "that the determination to make a call had been come to after anxious consideration, and had been declared under very considerable apprehension; but considering the very depressed state of the money market at the time the call was made, the directors could not but express their satisfaction at the readiness with which it had been paid up. Within a period of about two months a greater amount of money by 1,091*l.* had been paid into the company's treasury than had been previously received since its establishment. This, at a time of the most severe pressure in the money market, and of unprecedented commercial distress, could not but be considered as a most gratifying fact. During the same period, no less than 312 new shares had been applied for, and taken up. All the claims on the company had been discharged, except a portion of the expenses of obtaining the Acts of Parliament; and, although the delivery of every claim against the company had been urgently pressed, yet from delay in the presentation of some accounts (some not having been received until within the last few hours), they were unable accurately to state their exact amount. It would, however, be satisfactory that, when all just claims were paid, the outside of the amount of the whole preliminary and parliamentary expenses for obtaining the two Acts and of establishing the company would, as nearly as could be calculated, scarcely amount to the 1*l.* deposit on the shares of which the capital of the company was composed. The principal part of the balance in hand had been placed to a deposit account at 4½ per cent. interest." The remainder of the report, it is unnecessary to add, inasmuch as it was dealt with by resolutions subsequently proposed, and disposed of in the manner stated below. The balance-sheet shewed the receipts of the company to have been 8,087*l.* the expenditure 5,730*l.* 13*s.* 1*d.* leaving a balance of 2,356*l.* 6*s.* 11*d.*

The four directors who retired by rotation, Messrs. FULLER, COX, Dr. GUY, and Dr. HODGKIN, were re-elected, as was Mr. JELICOE, as auditor.

In a future paper we shall further explain the plan alluded to in the report, and also present the whole or a very large portion of the remarkable re-

port of the visit of two of the directors to the scene of operations at Manchester. The evidence there collected is conclusive upon the matter. It is no longer an experiment.

An improvement is likely to be speedily made in the adhesive postage-stamps; and the practical department of the Post-office is engaged in investigating the process. The invention consists of a machine by which "more than double the number of stamp sheets that is now annually required may be so minutely indented in the direction of the white lines as to allow the stamps to be instantly detached from the sheet without the operation of cutting; perfect, too, in every respect; or, in other words, in no way mutilated or disfigured, like most of the stamps that are now torn from each other. The contrivance will also enable purchasers to fold a sheet of stamps, or any less quantity, with unerring regularity, and in one tenth of the time that is at present consumed in the operation."

JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

THE *Presse* of Sunday published a long and very remarkable communication from M. Alexandre Dumas, giving an account of some experiments in animal magnetism made by himself. He begins by stating that he had resolved never to believe sincerely in this mystery until he should have himself put to sleep some somnambulist without the latter being aware of his intention. On Sunday, the 10th, M. Dumas had a rather large assemblage of friends and acquaintances at his house near Paris, and as he was known to have taken some interest in the exhibitions of M. Marcelet with the young Alexis, the conversation turned upon the subject of animal magnetism, and a wish was expressed to see Alexis, but M. Dumas replied that this was impossible, as the youth had entreated him to allow him to perform a part at the theatre. St. Germain, and he was to appear that evening. Soon after this conversation, however, Alexis was seen in the garden attached to the house of M. Dumas, but M. Marcelet had remained in Paris. Alexis having been invited to join the company, some of the persons present requested him to give them some proofs of his extraordinary powers, to which he replied that he would willingly do so if there was any person present who could throw him into a magnetic sleep. M. Bernard, one of the gentlemen of the party, whispered in the ear of M. Dumas that he had better make the attempt, but the witty author replied, that although he knew very well how to put people asleep at the theatres with his plays, and in the reading rooms with his novels, he had not the art of magnetising them to sleep. M. Bernard said that M. Dumas could magnetise Alexis by mere force of his will; he had only to say to himself, I wish to put Alexis to sleep. After some more conversation on this point, M. Dumas folded his arms, concentrated all the force of his will, and looking at Alexis, said to himself, "Je veux qu'il dorme." We now quote M. Dumas textually. "Alexis shook as if he had been struck by a cannon ball, and then fell on the sofa. My first feeling was one of terror, for Alexis had uttered a cry. He was agitated by nervous trembling, and his eyes appeared to be entirely turned in their sockets. I took his hand, and he recognised me.—Ah! said he, never do such a thing again without apprising me; it might cause my death.—I asked him what he felt. He replied: A very serious nervous shock, but it will be calmed if you will take away the fluid which presses on my stomach.—But how am I to do this?—By driving it back with your two hands," M. Dumas did this successfully, and Alexis then replied to various questions which were put to him, his eyes having been previously bandaged. Some wonderful things were stated by him, but our space compels us to pass them over. It must suffice to say that they filled all who were present with amazement. We now come, however, to a very interesting part of the performance, and relate it in the words of M. Dumas himself:—"Whilst this was going on, I was informed that some one below wished to speak with me. I left the room, and found that it was one of my old friends, the Abbé Vilette, chaplain of the School of Saint-Cyr. We went up-stairs together. The Abbé was dressed in plain clothes, and had nothing about him to shew that he was a member of the clergy. I put his hand in that of Alexis, and said—Can you tell me who and what this gentleman is? Yes, for he has faith, and is even an excellent Christian.—But his profession? He is a doctor.—You are in error, Alexis. Oh, I understand what you mean. There are doctors of the body and doctors of the

mind. This gentleman is a doctor of the mind; he is a priest."—Alexis was then asked where the gentleman exercised his functions, and in reply gave a minute description of the School of Saint Cyr and of the pupils, stating their number. After some time, when pressed to give the name of the building, he said, the College of Saint Cyr. A variety of experiments as to the powers of Alexis, such as desiring him to describe persons at a distance, read papers carefully enclosed so that no eye could see them, &c. &c. were then made, and all with the most satisfactory and miraculous results. At length Alexis was asked if he would like to travel in his sleep, and where he would go. He replied that the place was indifferent to him. M. Dumas made a sign to M. Lesseps, and that gentleman approached. M. Dumas thus describes what passed:—"We are going yonder, I said. Yonder in my mind and in that of M. Lesseps, meant Tunis, where M. Lesseps had resided twenty years. He gave his hand to Alexis, and said, let us start. Ah, said Alexis, we are now in a seaport we are embarking. Oh! oh! we are going to Africa, it seems—it is hot.—Yes, we are in the roadstead; do you see it? Perfectly, it is in the form of a horse-shoe, with a cape at the right extremity; it is not Algiers; it is not Bona; it is a town, the name of which I do not know.—What do you see? Something like a port on the right, and a town on the left. Ah! we are on a canal. Here is a bridge, let us stoop down.—M. Boulanger and myself looked at each other, for the arches of the bridge under which Alexis invited us to stoop are so low, that when I and M. Boulanger went through we were nearly killed. You are right, Alexis, cried M. Lesseps, M. Boulanger, and myself; let us go on. Alexis now said—I thought we had arrived, but we are re-embarking; the town is still three or four leagues off. Ah! now we are there.—Shall we enter the town, said M. Lesseps, or stroll about the environs? Just as you please, said Alexis.—To the Bardo, said I, in a whisper to M. Lesseps. He made a sign to me that he was leading Alexis to the point. The Bardo is the Bey's palace. We leave the town to the left, said M. Lesseps, and continue our route. Oh! said Alexis, how dusty it is. We have gone a league or a league and a half. It seems to me that we are passing under an archway. Ah! I see a monument. Oh! what a strange architecture, one could almost say it was a large tomb.—(It is known that Turkish palaces resemble sepulchres.)—Let us enter, said M. Lesseps. I cannot, there is a black sentinel who stops our way.—Tell him you are with me, said M. Lesseps. Ah! he moves off. We are now in the court-yard; we go up several steps. Where must I go next?—To the hall of reception. I am there.—Describe it. There are arcades, and it is all sculptured like the Arab room of M. Dumas, except that the sculpture is painted in several places.—Raise your eyes to the ceiling; what do you see there? A sculptured ceiling, apparently in wood.—Is it painted? Yes.—In what colour? Red and blue.—Do you see nothing particular? Yes, stripes of gold, which run from the centre, and extend in all directions.—It is so, said M. Lesseps. Indeed it would be impossible to give a more exact description of the port of Tunis, the bay of Goletta, and the hall of reception of the Bey." The communication of M. Dumas concludes with an account of some further wonders; but we have already perhaps devoted too much space to this subject in the opinion of some of our readers, although the recital of the imaginary voyage of Alexis with M. Lesseps will by others be regarded as a proof that there are wonders which must be believed, although they cannot be understood.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

AN Athenæum, on the Manchester plan, has been established in Glasgow. We need scarcely say that this plan is of combining amusement and instruction, thus giving to members an attraction more fervent than the mere pursuit of knowledge. The failures among the London Institutions of late have proved that dry science or stolid philosophy do not of themselves constitute the whole of the education necessary for men of mature years. In feeding the mind the heart and the senses should not be forgotten. Soirées and concerts do more toward effecting combination than lectures, libraries, classes, and conversazione together. Apropos of the Athenæums, we hear that Mrs. Ralph Waldo Emerson is to be presiding genius at the forthcoming soirée at Manchester, and several English authors have promised to attend. But as they are gene-

rally very remiss in performance, we advise our friends not to calculate upon their presence.—America only is redolent of new and attractive publications. Professor Longfellow has announced a new poem, to be entitled *Evangeline*, and there is also to be an addition of several volumes to the forthcoming works of Channing.—The new model penny has been issued from the Mint for circulation. They are a very neat coin, about the size of a farthing, the centre being formed of silver, having on the right side a profile of her Majesty, and on the obverse the Roman numeral I. surrounded with a rim of copper, inscribed "The Model Penny." Five-shilling pieces, with gold centres, and silver rims, made on the same principle, are coming out.—At present two very large groups of solar spots are visible at the centre of the sun's disc.—M. Capo de Feuillide, the writer who was sent to Ireland by Count Molé to prepare a history of that country, has received from the present ministry a similar historical mission to the United States of America.—The editor of the *National* has appeared before the Juge d'Instruction, and been informed that the seizure of that journal of the 21st ult. took place on account of one of its articles containing the offences—first, of having caused the blame incurred by the acts of the Government to ascend to the king; second, of having attacked the form of government established by the charter of 1830; third, of having been offensive to the royal person; fourth, of having adhered to another form of government than that which is established.—The second anniversary meeting, being the forty-ninth birthday of Robert Pollok, author of the *Course of Time*, was held on Tuesday evening, in Glasgow.—The *Athenæum* states that the following lines by Molière, not included in any edition of his works, are said to have been recently discovered in the cabinet of prints at Brussels at the foot of an engraving by Ledoyer, after his own drawing representing the brotherhood of *Notre Dame de la Charité*. They refer to the establishment in that community, by Pope Alexander the Sixth, in 1665, of a society for the mitigation of slavery, and owe their literary value, as the reader will perceive, only to the name with which they are signed:—

Brisez les tristes fers du honteux esclavage,
Où vous tient du péché le commerce honteux,
Et venez recevoir le glorieux servage
Que vous tendent les mains de la Reine des Cieux.
L'un sur vous à vos sens donne pleine victoire,
L'autre sur vos desirs vous fait régner en roi;
L'un vous tire aux enfers, et l'autre dans la gloire.—
Hélas! peut-on, mortels, balancer le choix?—
J. B. POGUÉLIN DE MOLIERE.

THE AMERICAN WRITER, R. W. EMERSON, delivered at the Manchester Athenæum on Tuesday, the first of a course of lectures on "Representative Men." The subject of this introductory discourse was the "Uses of Great Men;" and it is to be followed by lectures on Swedenborg, the mystic; Montaigne, the sceptic; Shakespeare, the poet; Napoleon, the man of action; and Goethe, the man of letters. After some introductory observations, Mr. Emerson proceeded to enunciate his leading views by a series of propositions, which may be given in a condensed form. He said, "It is natural to believe in great men. If the companions of our childhood should turn out to be angels, it would not in childhood surprise us. It is easy to read through the earliest myths which precede the history of nations, the child-like truth that they anticipate excellence in every man. The world is upheld by the veracity of good men. We do not wish to live with satans and idiots. Actually, or ideally, or idolatrously, we do all live with the great. Our religion is also at last the love and cherishing of great men. The gods of fable are the shining monuments of great men. The wise man sees that all are anthropomorphisms. Man can make, or paint, or think nothing but man. As is the religion, so is the philosophy. The soul of man is at once the student and the book—at once the sculptor, the block, and the statue. In every divine book, philosophy finds but one essence, collected or distributed,—God in its collective, man in its distributive. We have social strength: I can do that by another which I cannot do alone. It is easy to see what a road-builder is love. But it is not the ordinary values of men to each other which we have now to treat of, but the uses of great men. Every man comes into the world built and equipped for a work. While he does that, a genius seems to attend him and whisper to

him all the secrets of his art. The great men, then, are those who are truly themselves—who are what they are from nature. But they must be also related to us. A great man is he who, in his life and activity, answers not merely the demands that I make, but also others which I have not skill to put. Nature expresses all her will in great men. Whatever she has at heart, she first prepares in the thought and hopes of multitudes, and then embodies in the faculties of one. The human mind anticipates two kinds of use or service from superior men; first, direct service, as available to children, and to the faith of the early ages; and when these are past, there is only left us the indirect service to be derived from great men; in their pictorial or representative character, they serve us not in the will, but in the intellect. Men are representative in a two-fold sense—of things and of ideas. Each is gifted with one severalty; each has his own peculiar work to do. Great men are by their instinct pilots, and so we follow their lead. The benefit to us is intellectual; we see them as incarnations of the laws of nature. Men are laws walking, speaking, acting. We are multiplied a thousand-fold by the arts of all able and excellent men. How easily we enter into their labours, and verify their results. Every ship to America is a follower of Columbus; every reader of almost any poem is a debtor to Homer. As great men stand for things, they are limited, and satisfy the understanding, which delights in the finite; as they stand for ideas, they address the other and nobler element; they disindividualise, emancipate, and administer to the universality of the soul. Men are helpful to each other (strictly speaking) only through the intellect and the affections, or the will; all other help is but a false pretence, and not given, but sold. The cardinal advantage which we owe to the very highest class of men is, that they open to us God and the world. It is a condition of our humanity that we swim in a river of delusions from our birth onward. But life is not a chimera, but a sincerity. Somewhere there is power and truth; and what great men know, they know for us. When a mind is created, a new secret of nature transpires. This is the use of uses of great men—to correct the delirium of the animal spirits, to make men considerate and wise, and to raise life to new aims and powers. In the ordinary work of life, I am ever feeling that another noble fraction of time is gone, and I have done a precious nothing; I cannot keep my eyes off the clock; but if some great and gentle soul should arise, to announce a law that ranges things into their natural order, it testifies to me of the equity which at last shall bring down all iniquity, and bankrupt all self-seekers. Then I forget the clock, I breathe a freer air; I am made immortal, by apprehending my possession of eternal truth. I admire great men of all classes—those who stand for facts, and those who stand for thoughts; but most do I admire him who can abolish himself and all heroes, by letting in this divine element of reason, irrespective of persons—this power, so great, that the potentate is nothing. I proceed to specify a few of the services of heroes, or great men. First, we invoke their succour against our own faults. The conservative force of self-opinion converts us to sleepers or stones, till the hero appears and renews us with warm life. We love to associate with the great; our receptivity is unlimited; we are all-wise in capacity, though so feeble in energy. It is very easy to be as wise and good as your companions—but we stop where they stop. In this difficulty great men are our saviours from wide error, and defend us from our contemporaries. But now arises a new danger: the excess of the influence of the great man, his enormous attractions, have warped us from our right places; we have become underlings, and the crime of intellectual suicide is committed. But here is our help: other great men, with new qualities, act as counterweights and checks on each other. It may be thought that there is so much good-will to impart and to receive, that each individual threatens to become the other. But the law of individuality collects its secret strength; you are you, I am I; and so we remain. Finally, as to "great" men—is not that word injurious? Is there caste? Is there fate? This cheapness of men, this rarity of virtue—is it—is it not?—the tragedy of the world. It is as real a loss that others should be low, as that we should be low; for we must have society. Strictly speaking, there are no "common men." The heroes of the hour are only relatively great; individuals of a faster growth, or of whom some quality is ripe that is in request. Other days demand other qualities. The supposed injustice disappears when we see the central identity,—that we are of the substance that ordaineth and doeth this. I come to the truest and greatest benefit of any genius only when I see him as the vehicle of a grander power; the moment he ceases to help me as a cause, he begins to help me as

an effect. Then he appears in his right representative character,—a medium of truth and help,—and betraying the tendency of a vaster mind and will; the opaque becomes transparent, the light of the first cause beams through him, and we deal at first hand with the Author of being." The Manchester people are not a little proud that Mr. Emerson has consented to give them the first edition of his "great thoughts."

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The following is a prospectus of the projected Society, subject to any modifications which may be deemed desirable previous to applying for the Charter of Incorporation :—

PROSPECTUS.

The **Decorative Art-Union** to consist of an indefinite number of members, to be incorporated by Royal Charter, under the provisions of the Act of Parliament relating to Art-Unions.

The Annual Subscription to be **Half-a-Guinea**.

The Affairs of the Society to be conducted by a Council elected by the Members.

The Funds of the Society to be applied as follows :—

The Council to determine on a certain number of objects of Decorative Art, and to offer liberal prizes to Artists for the best designs.

The Council will then contract with manufacturers for the production of the works according to the designs to which the prizes have been awarded. The Society will preserve the copyright of the designs, and when the number required by them for distribution as prizes are produced, the model is to be destroyed; the object of this arrangement being to assure the prizeholders of the Society that their prizes shall never fall in value by becoming common.

It will be an express condition that all designs and all works executed for and distributed by the Society shall be original.

The works of Decorative Art thus manufactured for the Society will be opened to public exhibition in London, with the names of the Artist and Manufacturer affixed to each.

After which they will be distributed among the Members of the Society by public drawing, precisely as is now done with the Art-Union.

ADDRESS.

Such is an outline of the plan proposed to the public for approval and adoption. Its uses are obvious. It will give a vast stimulus to Decorative Art and thus confer an immense benefit on the manufactures and commerce of the country. It will encourage by suitable rewards the best artists to design and the ablest workmen to execute. It will encourage among the public a taste for art in decoration, which will have a constant tendency to advancement. A successful prizeholder will not be content with the one exquisite work of Decorative Art he obtains from the Society; it will become a standard of taste to which he will be anxious to adapt the rest of his furniture.

It is believed also, that the objects of such a Society are likely to be universally attractive. Every person can appreciate and will desire to possess such works as the Society proposes to distribute, and which will combine utility with ornament. If the Art-Union, limited to painting and engraving, can boast of 14,000 subscribers, it is anticipated that the DECORATIVE ART-UNION, still more attractive and more practically useful, will obtain equal if not greater support.

It may be observed, also, that the DECORATIVE ART-UNION will be enabled to distribute very many more prizes than its contemporary, for its works of Art will not be so costly. It is proposed that the cost of the highest shall not exceed 100*l.* and of many, such, for instance, as those of Plastic Art, some three or four hundred copies may be made for little more than the cost of one, and then the mould may be destroyed, so that there may be few, if any, of the subscribers who will not obtain a work of Art which, though it cost but a small sum to the Society, will, in consequence of the limited number produced, have a higher intrinsic value than the whole of the subscription.

By the recent statute relating to Art-Unions it is enacted, that associations for the purchase of works of Art, to be distributed by chance to their Subscribers, shall obtain a Royal Charter of Incorporation.

It will therefore be necessary, before the proposed DECORATIVE ART-UNION can apply for a Charter, that it should have enrolled a sufficient number of subscribers to justify the application.

To obtain these is the object of the circulation of this preliminary Prospectus.

To afford to the public a guarantee that this application is *bona fide*, and as the best assurance of responsibility, the Editor of *THE CRITIC*, by whom the Society is planned and proposed, will give to its advancement the aid of the columns of that Journal, and the gratuitous assistance of its large establishment, until a sufficient number of Subscribers are promised to permit a formal organisation of the Society. For the present, therefore, all communications upon the subject are to be addressed to the Editor of *THE CRITIC*, at the Office, 344, Strand, London, where information will be given, and names of intended subscribers registered.

It is hoped that all who, on perusing this Prospectus, approve the design and are willing to support it, will forward their names and addresses as above, and the columns of *THE CRITIC* will, from week to week, gratuitously convey to them intelligence of the progress of the Society. It should be added that payment of the subscription will not be required until a sufficient list of subscribers is secured to justify the application to the Queen for the Charter of Incorporation; but as there will be some expenses, any portion of it that may be forwarded will be placed to the account of the subscriber as part payment.

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